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HALF-WAY.

Three days he sailed to the Northward,
Young Harold, the Norseland king,
Then loosed a keen-eyed raven
And following it on the wing.

"Behold!" he cried to the sailors,
"Not yet half-way are we,
For you see the keen-eyed raven
Tracks backward over the sea."

And so to the Northward farther
He pierced the fitful mist;
Then perched once more a raven,
Unhooded, on his wrist.

And the wildered bird went soaring
Where the sight could scarce discern;
Then, poised on its wing a moment,
It flew out of sight astern.

Then cried he aloud to the sailors,
"Not yet half-way are we,
For the keen-eyed raven seeth
What the nearest land may be."

Still to the North! and darker
A cloud grew up before,
When he loosed another raven,
And watched it sweep and soar.

All eyes were strained to the utmost,
And when, but the merest spec,
They saw it start for the northward,
Each knee was bent to the deck.

"To the northward," cried young Harold,
"To the northward go we then,
For the land we seek is the nearest
In the raven's sharper ken!"

Half-way to the restful Haven!
Ah! what can token it all?
What hour is the sign for mortal
To part that shadowy pall?

And have we a keen-eyed birdling
In the little wee thing we love,
To trust to the sky of angels
That beckon it oft above?

And anon it seems like departing,
When we lose it through our tears,
But again it stoops o'er our pathway,
And we live with it back our years.

But the day we have half-way journeyed
May come with its wail of woe,
When this blithe, little, fluttering spirit
Describes the way it would go.

So it leaves us, winging to Heaven!
Alas! can we see it no more?
But doth not the track it has shown us
Lead straight to that holy shore?

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

FORCED INTO SERVICE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STRAYED CANOE.

That night Nelatu left the Indian camp.

Wacora had given him a few hints by which he thought his search for Crookleg might be facilitated.

He had suggested that the negro lay hid within the neighboring swamp.

This wilderness, difficult to traverse, was of great extent. It was only by a knowledge of its intricate paths that it could be successfully explored.

Nelatu, fully appreciating the difficulty of his undertaking, was more than usually depressed.

This journey through the track of dry timber was easy enough.

On emerging from it he found himself on a broad savanna.

On the other side of which lay the swamp to which Wacora had directed him.

Its gloomy appearance struck a chill to the young chief's heart.

Could it by any possibility be the place selected by Warren for Sansuta's concealment?

He almost hoped his search for her in its sombre fastnesses might prove futile.

Its aspect was especially forbidding at the time Nelatu reached it, which was in the early morning.

A heavy fog rose from its dark waters, clinging around the rank vegetation, and veiling the mosses and spectral limbs of the decayed trees.

A fœtid breath exhaled from the thick undergrowth, and the air seemed charged with poison.

No note of bird was heard; no bloom of flower seen. Death in life was everywhere apparent!

Carefully, and with the quick natural instinct of his race, Sansuta's brother struck upon a well-defined trail leading inwardly from the borders of the morass.

Following this with care, he had soon made considerable progress.

The sun rising higher as he advanced, only revealed more clearly the gloomy character of the scene.

The thick mist became dispelled; the verdure, dark but rich, glistened with drops of moisture, and the ghostly moss waved to and fro, stirred by a gentle breeze that had helped to dissipate the fog.

With the bright sky, however, there came a corresponding lightness over the young man's spirit, and a doubt arose in his mind as to the guilt of his former friend.

"I cannot believe all that he has been accused of. Perhaps he is not guilty of carrying off Sansuta. I always trusted him. Why should he be so evil without a suspicion having crossed my mind that he was so? He has not been seen since she disappeared; but yet Crookleg may be the guilty one. If all I have been told be true, and Warren be the man, he shall bitterly pay for his crime. But I will not believe it until I am convinced 'tis so."

It will be seen that Nelatu was still a firm friend, ready to doubt even villainy.

Suddenly the trail he was following came to an end.

A deep black lagoon was before his feet.

How to cross it?

Its unrippled bosom showed it to be deep.

Here and there jagged cypress stumps, to which clung drooping parasites, stood out of it.

Nelatu felt that the trail he had followed was purposely terminated at the edge of the lake, doubtless to be discovered on its opposite shore.

How to cross it? That was the question.

Stooping, he scanned the shore, but failed to trace any further evidence of the footsteps of man.

He was on the point of retracing his path in order to look for a trail, when he was arrested by a faint sound, as from a movement in the water.

It was very faint, but unmistakable in its character.

It was the stroke of an oar!

He strained his eyes to catch a view of the boat which he felt sure was traversing the lake.

After some time spent in the endeavor, his scrutiny was rewarded.

A strange tableau was revealed to him.

At a distance appeared the shadowy form of a canoe, in which two figures were seated.

The fog, like a dull silver veil, was still spread over the lagoon, and his efforts to recognize the phantom-like forms were unavailing.

The intervening curtain of vapor baffled even the keen eye-sight of an Indian.

He hallooed to the spectral figures until the swamp re-echoed his shouts.

In vain!

No response came from the silent voyagers.

He fancied that the measured pulling of the oars for an instant ceased, but so dim and unreal did it all appear, that he began to doubt the evidence of his senses.

As he gazed the canoe glided silently out of sight.

Muttering an angry adjuration at the ghostly oarsmen, he threw himself upon the ground.

Overcome with the fatiguing journey, and dispirited by his fruitless search, he soon fell into a deep slumber.

The last film of the fog was now dispelled by the powerful rays of the sun.

Birds sang in the trees above him, and from the black waters of the lagoon a huge caiman crawled up the banks to bask in the noontide glare.

Still Nelatu slumbered.

He slept until the meridian heat had passed, and the evening approached, seeming to lull all nature into silence.

The young man's sleep was placid. With his head pillowed on his arm, he lay like one dead.

From this sweet unconsciousness he awoke with a start.

A rippling sound as of some craft cleaving the water, once more fell upon his ear.

Had the phantom canoe returned?

A glance answered the question.

Drifting near the shore was an empty dug-out.

The broken manilla rope, dragging at the stern, told him why it was adrift.

Without hesitation he plunged into the water, and in a few strokes reached the straying craft.

Scrambling into it, he seized an oar found lying in its bottom, and paddled back to the place whence he had started. Placing his gun ready beside him, he again paddled off, and rowed into the centre of the lake, steering his course, as nearly as he could remember, in the direction which, in the morning, he had observed the canoe to take.

The spot, as he had marked it, was near a huge cypress tree.

It proved to be at a greater distance than he thought, and the sun had well sunk in the western sky before he arrived at it.

Once there he came to a stop. Those he sought had evidently either gone further out into the open water of the lagoon or had made for one or other of the numerous narrow canals which debouched into it.

Selecting that which appeared of the greatest width, he plied his oar and advanced towards it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SMOKE INTERRUPTED.

Although Cris Carrol was absent from the immediate neighborhood of the settlement, he was none the less informed of what had happened since his departure.

Several of the colonists, alarmed at the prospect of affairs, had quietly left Tampa Bay, and, meeting with the hunter, had told him of the events that had transpired within the past month.

The backwoodsman's foresight had not deceived him.

The whites, by which he meant Elias and his followers, had not heeded his advice, and worse had come of it.

The hunter was nothing, if not oracular.

"Wal," said he, "Governor Rody thought himself smart when he set to work buildin' that thar frame-house of his'n on the red-man's ground, but I reckon he'll pay for it yet in bloody scalps and broken bones. Confound the old cormorant; his house will cause all them poor white settlers no end of trouble. It don't bear thinkin' on, that it don't. As for his black-hearted whelp of a son, darn me if I wouldn't like to put an ounce o' lead into his carcase, if it war only to larn him some human feelin'."

"But won't you go back to the settlement now, and see if your presence can do any good?"

To this question, propounded by one of the fugitive settlers, Cris answered—

"Good! What good can I do now? No, lad, the fat's in the fire this time, and, may be, I may better help some poor critter away from the place than anigh it. I'll tell ye what it is, and it aint no use denyin' it. Them there red devils means mischief, and the old cuss Rody knows it by this time. The chief, Oluski, what you tell me air dead, war worth a whole settlement of Rody's—barrin one—that is, barrin one."

"And who may that be?"

"Who but his darter. The most beautifullest gal that this coon ever sat eyes on. Bless her, I hope no hurt won't come to her, and there shan't either, if Cris Carrol can prevent it."

In this manner did the honest hunter comment on the alarming news brought by the fugitives from Tampa Bay.

Not that he approached the spot too closely. No; he had formed an idea of the manner in which he might be most useful; and, to do so, he must carefully avoid any appearance of interference between the contending parties.

He, therefore, pursued his occupation of hunting; but contrived materially to narrow the circle of his excursions.

Often as the image of Alice Rody presented itself to his mind, he would heave a painful sigh.

"How such a gal came to be a child of that old trait'rous heathen is more nor I can reckon up. It's one of them thar things as philosophers call startlers!"

In one of these moralizing, wandering moods the old hunter was seated on a tree stump on the afternoon of a day that had been more than usually fatiguing to him.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, took a plug of tobacco from his pouch, and began to cut up a supply for another smoke.

"Ah!" muttered he, shaking his head, "I remember the time when there was happiness in the savannas, and when them red-skins were ready to help the white man rather than fight agin them. Them times is gone from hyar for ever!"

He struck a light with his flint, and applied it to his pipe.

Just as he had puffed two or three small clouds of smoke, and was preparing to enjoy himself to the fullest extent, a flash suddenly appeared, the pipe was knocked from his mouth, and the whizz of a bullet sounded in his ears!

To grasp his rifle and shelter himself behind a tree, on the side opposite to that from which the shot proceeded, was but the work of an instant.

"Red-skins, by the eternal! I know it by the twang of that rough-cast bullet."

Whether red-skins or white men he did not find it easy to be certain, although he was up to every move in such an emergency.

He knew that to look in the direction of the shot was to expose himself to almost certain death.

He listened with breathless anxiety for the slightest sound, which might give evidence of the movements of the enemy.

All remained perfectly still.

Adopting a very old *ruse*, he stuck his skin-cap upon the barrel of his rifle, and held it out a few inches beyond the trunk of the tree, by the side of which he had ensconced himself.

A flash, a report, and it was pierced by a bullet!

He was now fully satisfied that there was but one enemy with whom he had to cope.

Had there been more, the first bullet, which struck the pipe from his mouth, would have been followed by another as quickly, but perhaps more surely aimed.

With a rapid glance he surveyed the ground behind him.

It was covered with undergrowth and fallen timber.

His resolution was at once taken.

He fell flat upon the earth, and noiselessly gliding away reached a tree, distant some paces, and in an oblique direction from the one he had left.

From that spot he made his way to another, at a greater angle, and about equally distant from the second.

The movements were affected with such agile stealthiness, as to be entirely unperceived by his still unseen enemy.

By the change of position he now commanded a side view of his unknown antagonist, who, unsuspicious of it, was keeping a close watch upon Carrol's supposed shelter.

To raise his rifle to his shoulder was a natural action of the old hunter.

Instead of pulling the trigger, however, some idea seemed to cross his mind, and pausing, he scanned his adversary.

He saw it was Maracota who had fired at him!

Carrol knew Maracota as a faithful and devoted follower of the late chief, and he felt loth to take his life, although he might easily have done so.

The better thought prevailed.

He felt convinced that the bullet fired by the Indian had been aimed in reality at one for whom Maracota had mistaken him.

Advancing cautiously towards the unconscious warrior, the old backwoodsman crept from tree to tree until he was close upon him.

Not anticipating an attack from the rear, and still fancying he commanded the hiding-place of the white man, Maracota, in spite of his Indian cunning, was completely in the white man's power.

A loud shout, a quick bound, and Carrol had him in his grasp.

With one hand upon his throat, the hunter had pinned him to the earth.

"Not a word, you darned catamount, or I'll run my knife into your ribs! So you thought to circumwent me, did yer, with your Injun treachery? What would you say now if I war to raise your har, 'stead of letting you take mine!"

Maracota could make no reply to the question, as the pressure on his throat stopped his breath as well as speech.

The backwoodsman saw by the expression upon the Indian's face, that his own surmise had been correct.

He was not the victim Maracota would have doomed to death.

It was a mistake, but rather a serious one.

Loosening his hold, he suffered the astonished Maracota to rise to his feet.

"Yes; I can tell you've made a random shot at me. Next time, try and see a man's face 'fore you pulls trigger on him, or it might be awkward. There's no harm done, only a worse shot nor yours I never saw. I'd eat my rifle, stock, lock, and barrel, afore I'd own to sich shooting. Who war it ye war arter?"

Having at length recovered breath, the Indian was able to answer,

"I took you for Warren Rody."

"Much obleeged for the compliment. Do I look such a skunk as that fellow? If I do, put a brace of bullets into me, and we won't quarrel."

The warrior grimly smiled.

"Maracota has sworn to avenge Oluski's death. Warren Rody must die!"

"Wal, let him die. I shan't stop you from riddin' the world of such as he. What made you follow my trail?"

"It was no trail I followed. I have been seeking one from the north; yours came from the east."

"Right you air; that's whar I bail from last."

"Have you see anything of him, or of Sansuta?"

"Hark hyar, Injun. Alth' I might draw blood in the scoundrel if I saw him, I ain't a *man-hunter*, and that's why I haint been a follerin' any trail of his'n."

Maracota's eager look gave place to one of despondency, as he muttered,

"Not found yet! Where can they be?"

"Ah! whar? It ain't Warren as has hid whar he can't be found. Some knowin' hand has put him up to it."

"Yes, Maracota think so. It must be the negro, Crookleg."

"Crookleg! Is that all-fired nigger varmint mixed up with him? That makes a brace of the durndest hounds as ever run together. Who told you Crookleg help'd young Rody?"

"The chief thinks so."

"Wal, then, I'll bet a 'possum skin agin a musk rat's that he's right. Your chief, Wacora, is as likely an Injun at rock'nin' up the merits o' a case as this coon knows on. Now you've missed liftin' my scalp, what do you intend doin'?"

"Go on looking for the chief who stole Oluski's heart, find him, and kill him."

The glance that accompanied these words was full of deadly determination.

"Wal, go, and good luck attend ye. Don't ask me to jine ye. I tell you I ain't no man-hunter nor never will be; only if either of them thar scamps should be out walkin' whar I chance to be, they had better have met with a mad bar, than this hyar Cris Carrol. Never mind sayin' a word about that bad shot o' yourn. The moment I seed you I knowed you didn't mean it for me, only next time be more partiklar, that's all."

Without making reply, Maracota turned away, and was soon lost under the shadows of the forest.

As soon as he was out of sight, the old hunter renewed his preparations for a smoke.

Drawing from his pouch (which seemed to contain everything that the heart of a hunter could desire) another pipe, he was soon once more sending clouds of blue smoke up into the air.

"If that Maracota meets Warren Rody or Crookleg he'll be an awkward customer to

either or both on 'em; and that he may meet 'em he has Cris Carrol's best prayers and wishes."

With this homely but sincere expression of his desires, the backwoodsman ceased to think of the deadly danger lately threatening himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

The Indians had, at length, determined upon making an attack upon Elias Rody's stronghold.

The governor had got wind of their intention through a spy, a slave belonging to the tribe, who had turned informer through his seductive offers.

A meeting of the settlers within the stockade was at once called.

"Fellow citizens," said Rody, addressing them, "I have received some information that our enemies have resolved upon attacking us. It is my duty to tell you this in order that every man may be prepared to defend himself and his family. One thing I would have you remember; this war will be one of extermination; therefore, be careful not to waste a bullet. Let every pull upon your trigger send an Indian to his long account. Let the cry be 'no quarter!'"

"Perhaps that'll be their motto too," remarked a voice in the crowd.

"I perceive, sir," replied Rody, a little nettled at the running commentary on his speech, "I perceive that there are still one or two dissatisfied people among us. Let them step forward, and declare themselves. We want neither renegades or traitors in our midst."

"That's so!" the voice replied.

"Again I say let those displeased with my views step boldly out, and allow me to answer any objections that may arise. I've done nothing I am ashamed of. I blush for nothing that I do."

"No, you're past blushing!" was the ironical rejoinder.

A suppressed titter ran round the assemblage at these pertinent remarks of the unknown, and the governor's temper was not improved by observing the effect the words had produced on his hearers.

"I scorn to answer the fellow who is afraid to show himself, but I warn you all to be prepared for a desperate contest. We have only ourselves to look to our defence. We are in the hands of Providence."

"We are!"

This sudden change from jeering comment to deep solemnity of utterance on the part of the unknown speaker, struck awe into the crowd, and caused Rody to turn pale.

In the hands of Providence!

Yes, for good or evil. For punishment or reward.

The thought expressed in this manner was too much for the governor.

He dismissed the meeting with a hurried admonition to be prepared for the worst.

As he re-entered his house, he encountered his daughter face to face.

"Father, I was about to seek you," said she. "They tell me that you have heard bad news?"

"Bad enough, girl! The redskins are going to attack us."

"Is there no hope?"

"Hope for what?"

"That this bloodshed may be avoided. Will they not listen to an offer of reconciliation?"

"And who would dare to make it?"

"Dare, father! I do not understand you. It is the duty of those who have done wrong to contrive by concession to atone for it, and, if possible, make peace."

"But who has done wrong!"

Alice did not answer in words, but the look she bestowed upon her father was eloquence itself.

"I see what you're thinking about, my girl. It's hard that inside of my own home I should meet with reproaches. Isn't it enough for me to have to bear the sneers and taunts of others, without being forced to listen to them from you?"

"Father!"

"Oh, yes; now you'll try to say you didn't mean to reproach me, but it won't do. I see it in your face, and, there, your eyes are full of tears; that's the way with you girls, when you can't use your tongues, you have always a stock of tears ready. But blubbering won't mend this matter; it's got to be settled with blows."

"Oh! father, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, but prepare for the worst. Now, girl, stop your crying, or you'll drive me stark mad. I'll tell you what it is—I'm just in that sort of state, that if I don't do something, I shall go clean out of my mind. What with the worrying work here, and the grumbling discontent of a few paltry hounds about the settlement, I don't know how I keep my senses about me!"

The angry mood into which he had worked himself, was, however, no novelty to his daughter. She had, of late, seen it too often, and sorrowfully noted the change.

Still, she was a brave girl, and knowing she had a duty to perform, she did it fearlessly.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, apologizingly, "I did not mean to reproach you. If my looks betrayed my thoughts, I cannot help them, much as I may regret giving you pain. What I wanted to say was, that if there is any honorable way to avoid this bloodshed, it should be tried. There is no disgrace in acknowledging a fault."

"Who has committed one?"

"You know wrongs have been done by white people against the Indians, not alone now, but ever since the two races have been brought together. We are no better than others; but we can avoid their errors by trying to remedy the grievances they complain of."

Old Rody stamped the floor with rage; his daughter's remarks made him wince. Conscience, which he deemed asleep, was at work, and upon the tongue of his own child had found utterance.

"Begone, girl!" he cried, "before I forget that you are my own flesh and blood. You insult me beyond endurance. I will manage my affairs my own way, without impediment from you. Aye, not only my own affairs, but the affairs of all here. I will have blind obedience; I demand it, and will exact it. Begone!"

His daughter looked him boldly in the face.

"Be it so, father," she answered; "I have done my duty—will always do it. Think, however, before it is too late, that to your conduct in this matter, the groans of widows and the sighs of orphans may be laid. The happiness or misery of many rests upon your single word. It is an awful risk; reflect upon it, dear father, reflect!"

Her proud bearing gave place to tears. Her womanly heart was full to overflowing. It conquered her spirit for a time; and as she parted from her father's presence, she felt that the last hope of peace had vanished.

"By the eternal powers," cried he, "this will prove too much for me. It must come to an end!"

As Rody uttered these words, he drew from his pocket a flask and supplied it to his lips.

It was a bottle of brandy. It seemed the last friend left him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FORCED INTO SERVICE.

After entering the narrow stretch of water, Nelatu, for some time, plied his paddle with vigor.

He then paused to examine the place.

Sedges and cane-breaks grew thickly down to the water's edge.

There appeared no passage through them.

Resuming his course, he attentively watched for any sign of habitation, but for a long time without success.

Just as he was turning the head of the canoe again in the direction of the lagoon, an object, floating on the surface, attracted his attention.

It was an oar.

A glance convinced him that it was the fellow of the one he held in his hand.

Re-animated by this assuring proof that he was going in the right direction, he fished it up, and abandoning the more laborious mode of paddling, he adjusted the oars in the rowlocks, and bending to them, made more rapid way.

He kept his eyes turning to right and left, on the look-out for a landing-place, which he now felt assured could not be far distant.

His scrutiny was at length rewarded.

A few hundred yards from where he had picked up the floating oar, a post was seen sticking up out of the bank.

To this was attached a Manilla rope, the broken strands of which showed it to be the other portion of that fastened to the stern of the canoe.

The clue was found.

Those he had dimly seen in the morning, were doubtless close at hand.

He ran the craft in shore, fastened it securely to the post, and landed.

With cautious steps he followed the footprints now seen in the soft mud of the bank.

They led to a sheltered spot, upon which a rude hut had been erected.

The sound of a man's voice arrested his steps.

"He, he! I 'clare it makes dis chile larf, to t'ink about de trouble dat's brewing for dem. De long time am comin' round at last. I'se b'in a waitin' for it, but it am comin' now."

It was Crookleg who spoke; but for the time, he said no more.

A stunning blow from Nelatu's clubbed rifle—which would have crushed any skull but that of a negro—felled him senseless to the ground.

On recovering consciousness, he found himself bound in a most artistic manner by a throng of deer-skin, which Nelatu had found near the hut.

"Hush!" said the Indian, in a half-whisper; "not a word, except to answer my questions. Don't move, dog, or I'll dash out your brains!"

The negro trembled in every limb.

"Is Warren Rody inside that hut?"

Crookleg shook his head.

"Where is he?"

"Don't know, Massa Injun; don't know nuffin 'bout him."

"Liar!"

"By him bressed life, massa, dis chile don't know."

"Answer me—where is Warren Rody! I give you one chance for your wretched life. Tell me, where is Warren Rody?"

The raising of a tomahawk above the negro's head, convinced him that death would be the sure reward of untruth.

"Don't massa, don't kill de ole nigger. He'll tell you all he knows. Oh, don't kill me!"

"Speak!"

"He *war* here, but he am gone."

"Where?"

"Out ob de swamp into de woods."

"And Sansuta?"

"De gal am gone 'long wid him."

Nelatu groaned.

Warren, then, was guilty.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, massa, I knows you well—you am Sansuta's brodder. I tole Warren he war a doin' wrong, but he am so headstrong he would take your sister. Dis chile's begged him not to do it."

"False dog! you are deceiving me."

"I swear, Massa 'Latu, I'se speakin' de bressed truth."

Not deigning to reply, the Indian strode on to the hut, and entered it. It was deserted.

A bead bracelet lying inside, attested to the truth of that portion of Crookleg's story which told him that Sansuta had been there.

He returned to the negro.

"Rise!" he said, in a commanding tone.

"I can't, massa; you has tied me so tight I can't move."

"Rise, I tell you," repeated the Indian, with a threatening gesture.

Beginning to obey, the negro rolled over the ground in the direction of the rifle which Nelatu had laid aside in order to tie him.

Could he but reach that, he might defy his captor.

But the Indian was too quick for him.

With a kick which made Crookleg howl with pain, he forced him aside, and secured the weapon himself.

Seeing that his only chance was submission, the negro got upon his feet with some difficulty, and stood awaiting further orders.

Nelatu now unfastened the thongs that bound him.

"Go before me," he said.

Crookleg hobbled forward with a demoniac look upon his face.

They reached the water's edge.

"Is that your canoe?"

"Yes, massa; dat dug-out b'longs to me."

"Get in."

The black scrambled into the stern.

"Not there—the other end."

Crookleg obeyed.

Nelatu took the vacated seat.

"Now, lay hold of these oars, bend your back and row me to the place where you landed Warren Rody and my sister. Remember that if you make the slightest attempt to deceive me, I will bury my tomahawk deep in your brain."

Thus admonished, the negro plied the oars, and the canoe darted rapidly through the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

Simon Jennings.

Among the scholars was the son of a poor clergyman, who rejoiced in name of Simon Jennings. He was of so dismal and gloomy a nature, that he had been nicknamed by his companions Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to Dr. Bowyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner—

"Please, Dr. Bowyer, the boys all call me Pontius Pilate."

If there was one thing old Bowyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek or Latin, it was the habit of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars, from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, in his usual voice of thunder—

"Listen, boys; the next time I hear any of you say Pontius Pilate, I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings, and not Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides."

Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow.

Next day, when the same class was reciting the Catechism, a boy of remarkably dull and literal turn of mind, had to repeat the Creed. He had got as far as "*suffered under*," and was about popping out the next word, when Bowyer's prohibition unluckily flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out, "*suffered under Simon Jennings, when cruci—*" The rest of the word was never uttered, for Bowyer had already rushed upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hailstorm, or an Alpine avalanche. When the irate doctor had discharged his cane storm upon him, he cried,

"What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?"

The simple minded Christchurchian said, as he rubbed his well-belabored back,

"I only did as you told me."

"Did as I told you;" roared old Bowyer, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?"

And, as he said this, he again instinctively grasped his cane more furiously.

"Yes, doctor. You said, we were always to call Pontius Pilate Simon Jennings. Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him. The great poet, that was to be, said naught. But old Bowyer, who saw what a fool he had to deal with, cried, somewhat unadvisedly, perhaps,

"Boy, you are a fool? Where are your brains?"

Poor Dr. Bowyer for a second time was floored; for the scholar said, with an earnestness which proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate—

"In my stomach, sir."

Coleridge, in his quiet style, used to add, "That is not the only instance I have known of 'Matter triumphing over Mind;' *stomach over brain*; stupid boy over Bowyer."

The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, and dealt gently with him, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant. How true it is what Euripides says, "Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious." And I advise every one to avoid stupidity, as they would morphine, or nitroglycerine.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

A SAD SIGHT.—An overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache; sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail which killed Sisera into her temple; sometimes tightening around the brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown; and then her neuralgias, and back-aches, and her fits of depression, and many more trials, linked to her fine and noble structure, entitle her to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develope her nervous tendencies.

☞ Broom corn was introduced into our country by Dr. Franklin. While examining a corn whisk (imported,) he accidentally discovered a single seed which he planted in his garden, from which the broom corn was propagated.

☞ A foppish nobleman, who saw Descartes enjoying himself at the table, having expressed his astonishment that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness of good cheer, got this answer for his pains: "And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

Annette.

I am sitting up alone with the corpse of the only man I ever loved. He lies so still, so awfully still, that the bloody uniform, the rigid head, with the calm, determined features, the stiff hands—one pressed over his heart where the note had been—all are terrifying to me. The note, soaked through with a drop of blood, that summoned me to this lonely vigil, reads:

"I wish Annette to sit up alone with my dead body, and read Southey's Thalaba. She will care for Eveleen.

"HENRY PARKHILL."

It was a strange request. Eveleen was his wife and my sister—my darling, beautiful younger sister, just two years a wife and now a widow. Did coming death make him wiser? Did he then for the first time know that I had once loved him? Or was his mind leaving him? They said his last words were, "Annette! Annette!"

And yet he had always been a devoted husband to Eve. She was young and beautiful, and every one had said, when they were married, that it was "a pure love match." Those last words "Annette, Annette," set me dreaming strangely. I have stirred the fire brightly, that it may make no ghostly shadows, and reached down my old portfolio, and am writing to keep up my courage. I have turned my back to the corpse. I remember a time, long ago, when I loved him as only a woman can who loves but once. It is all useless now to say how that was; how I looked up to him as my king, and down at him as my child; how I looked at him from every point of view; how my whole soul wrapped around and around him; how my heart was never alone, but always had him to think about and to croon over; how I laughed at him and loved him: how he suited me in my gay moods, and how the thought of him grasped and shook me in my earnest moods. He was all to me. This dead man was once all that the world contained for me—my light, my future, almost my life. I look back on that former self with pity and commiseration, as I would on some one else. I have passed a chilling stream since then, that has washed the old identity away from me. I will turn back and dream again to-night.

I thought then that he loved me. His eyes haunted me, his thoughts and attentions were always mine, until one evening he gave me this same Thalaba. Then his manner changed. He was fitful, sometimes cold and constrained, and then as suddenly his eyes and tones would change to melting tenderness. He asked me if I had read it, and I answered, hastily and casually, "Yes." It was a falsehood. I had intended to read it, but the strange alteration in his manner had so puzzled me that when I was alone I could do nothing but think over it.

When I had answered "Yes," his gray eyes gave a clear, searching look, and his deep voice seemed to tremble with eagerness as he said, "And what do you think?" I was surprised, and answered, "Why, you are wasting a good deal of feeling on the subject."

Instantly his face became cold, ashen.

I exclaimed, "Henry—Henry Parkhill! what is it?"

He rose and walked away without answering, and an hour afterward I saw him leaning heavily against a tree, like a man who had had a blow. It was all inexplicable to me. At dinner that day he was quiet and kind, and his manner never changed afterward. I was patient and waited. Sometimes the love that was in me cried out for food. I must have the old tender ways of performing trifling services. I must have the old kind glances and loving tones. Sometimes I would get up and walk half the night, with my hands clasped above my head, and a famishing cry ever repeating itself in my heart: "Give me Henry, or I die!" But I could not die.

A few weeks after that morning, Eveleen came home from school. She was lovely. Let me think of her as she looked then: I need to remember her now. The slender, graceful figure, the light, floating curls, the good, trustful, charming face, with its infantine sweetness; the sweet, spoilt-child voice, with its saucines that was never saucy, and its fondness that was so witching. The butterfly wings have gone now. I loved her then, I love her now, with a greater love than sisters ordinarily bear for each other, but I never wanted to be like her. Strange to say, I had always a curious fascination for myself. I never wished to change my dark-ringed, agate eyes, that seemed to have a white light burning in them when I looked at them in the mirror; I liked my large mouth, with its mobility; my short nose was piquant, and lightened my otherwise mournful cast of countenance. Then, too, my white forehead, with its straight, black brows, suited me; my complexion, which was neither fair nor dark, but a shadowed, waxen pallor, reminded me too strongly of Goethe's Mignon to be anything but beautiful. If I had been a painter, just such a face would have been my foundation for every picture intended for a display of the passions, and the difference of expression would have made the faces entirely unlike. Henry Parkhill used to say my one set of features held the whole range of human feeling, and—he would end with a laugh—could change sometimes even to beauty.

Eveleen's brightly tender look was sometimes very sweet to me, purifying and calming; and again it insensibly irritated me, it was so shallow and weak, and I would have changed it to anything else, even anger, if I could. But when those soft, uplifted eyes looked at Henry Parkhill, and I saw, as soon as he did, the love that lighted them, then I turned away—strong, resolute to forget, to harden myself, to deceive myself into thinking that I had never cared for him. There seemed to be a valve in my heart that closed down and smothered the love instantly. And I went on my way, acting, talking, smiling just as though the soul were not gone out of me, and I was not an empty hull. I was then a devoted hospital visitor, and many wondered that I could bear the constant rack on which my sympathy was stretched—how I could calmly watch the agonies of the dying, and quietly hear the last horrible cry for mercy when the torments of the condemned had already begun, and the dead despair of the last groan. "Too late! too late!" Ah! blessed is the hospital visitor without a heart! I was gentle and soothing in my manner—a habit contracted in the days when a suffering worm was pain to me—but no sympathy, no blessed human feeling, was in me.

In the meantime, Eveleen was to be married to Henry Parkhill. The night of the wedding, just before the ceremony, I was leaving Eveleen's room, where I had been quieting and calming her, when I met Henry Parkhill on the stairs. I had my most cordial smile all ready for the occasion, and was passing him with a merry word, when his wistful look stopped me.

"Annette," he said, coming close to me and laying his hand on my head, "God bless you and forgive me."

I looked up in his face, and my lips "felt for a smile," but could not find it. He looked at me with a wondering gaze and turned away. I walked into a dark room just behind me, and, closing the door, sat down, with my head against it, upon the floor. I sat in a blind, dead, vacant way, without feeling or thinking, a good while, and then getting up, I crept down stairs, just in time to take my place as bridesmaid.

The time passed heavily enough, but still it passed. It was a comfort to me, and the only one I had, to see that the months were going, and that "horrible appetite for death," that unexpressed and inexpressible longing for the grave—the grave, the quiet and the darkness—took firm hold upon me.

And yet who so constantly cheerful as I? Who so bright and active? I think I received more admiration than I ever remember to have had before. My face lost its dark shadows, and became lighter and brighter—a surface expression—though the old eyes would look terrifically at me at nights from the depths of the mirror. They had a famished look, but why was it? I felt nothing—how then could I need anything?

One night we were sitting around the fire in this very room, about a year after Eveleen's marriage. She was sitting on that ottoman, sewing, just before the fire, which brightened the tint of her blue dress, that, contrasting with the light curls and peach-blossom complexion, made an effective picture. I was over there in the shadow by the mantel, telling them a long story that I was improvising. It was a common habit for me to improvise in that way for their amusement. Henry was standing opposite, leaning on the mantel and looking down at me. At some point in my narrative he said,

"That's like Southey's Thalaba."

"I have never read it," I said.

"Not anything in it?" he asked, in a strange, unnatural voice.

"No. The clasp is a little difficult to unfasten, and I have never opened it. You remember I said once that I had, but it was a fib."

Just then he sat down slowly, and as the light fell on his face, I wondered I had not noticed before how old and worn he looked. I continued my story, and as I finished he raised his head, looked at me helplessly and gasped, "Water!"

Eveleen rushed to him, but putting her off with one hand and taking the glass of water I held, he drank and leaned back in the chair. He did not seem weak or fainting, but his whole face was locked, as though in a mortal convulsion. After a little he smiled faintly and reassured Eveleen. "It was only a spasm of the heart," he said.

The effect of that never afterward seemed to leave him, and sometimes, when we were alone together, he would look just as he did then. I thought he was afraid of terrifying Eveleen. We recommended medical advice, but he steadily refused to see a physician; and when the war came he suddenly accepted a commission, and was ordered to the front almost immediately.

The night he was to leave he knocked at my door, and said, "Hurry—dress: I am going, and must see you." I came out in a few moments. He was standing writing on a slip of paper resting against the wall. He folded the slip of paper and put it in his pocket-book: then turning to me, held out his arms. Eveleen was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs. I did not move. He came to me, lifted me in his arms and ran down the stairs with me. For one second his lips scorched mine: then he put me down on the lower step. Eveleen was waiting for him, and I walked quietly up stairs, undressed, went back to bed and slept heavily until morning.

The first news from him was the published bulletin telling of his mortal wound, received in the first fight: "Brave to rashness," was the comment. He had made a hopeless charge, and half his men were killed or wounded. Next came the body and the note. Did I weep? Can the dead weep? I am even as he. Thalaba! Thalaba! I'll get it down and look at it. Strange that it should always have so affected him! Here is the book. It is beautifully bound—a fancy of his. I'll stop writing and read.

* * * * * *

I have seen it. Let me write it, that I may preserve my reason. After the clasp was opened, there fell out this paper, bearing the date of the day he gave the book to me:

"ANNETTE WILDER: I love you—I have always loved you. No man could ever love you half so well. Will you be everything to me?—will you be my wife? My heart is so full I cannot write. Answer me if I may hope: if not, be silent.

"Yours always,

"HENRY PARKHILL."

As I write these words the first human feeling that I have felt for two long years comes back to me. God grant that with the suffering may come some heavenly healing—that I may "know wherefore He has afflicted me."

SCIENTIFIC EVENING DRESS.—"Why," says the London Lancet to its readers, "do not the members of our profession set a good example by clothing themselves in a rational manner during the present weather? Our medical contemporary proceeds to explain that the elements of a rational costume are porousness and whiteness of material, rendering it a non-conductor, a sparing absorbent, and plentiful reflector of heat, and allowing evaporation from the surface of the body. The Lancet states that:

"These qualities are possessed in the highest degree by white flannel, and there is no reason that we can find why this material should not be adopted generally in place of the atrocious costume which fashion inflicts upon suffering mankind."

☞ "I wish you to be present, my dear, when the dentist comes," said Laura to her lord. "I desire that no one but you shall perceive my defects." "I cannot gratify you, love," said he, in reply, "as I never can see any defect in one so perfect." That evening the dinner was remarkably well cooked.

☞ The young lady who sang "I wish somebody would come," has had her desire gratified. Eleven cousins have arrived, and intend to stop all summer.

☞ The most of the strolling counts who come to this country are Count Noaccounts.

OUR AFRICAN PARROT.

BY N. S. DODGE.

I was bargaining for the bird at a stall in Leadenhall Market sometime during the spring of 1855. She was a gray, African parrot, with sleek plumage set off by a dash of red at the tip of her tail, about the size of a large wood-pigeon, well formed, particularly about the head and neck, but with a white feather cropping out here and there, that indicated approaching old age. The dealer, who, with his father and grandfather before him, had sold parrots in the same place ever since the year 1798, as the sign over his stall indicated, and whose statements bore all the appearance of truth, thought she must be seventy years old at least, from what he knew of her history.

"Was she healthy?"

"Perfectly so, and would probably live, with good treatment, twenty years, and longer."

"Clever?"

"The best talker I ever owned, has more words at command than any parrot in London, and if she were not bashful, would fetch me twenty pounds."

"And you say she has learned no bad words?"

"No, sir. You may hang her cage in your parlor, and she will never bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest maiden in Britain."

"How long have you had her for sale?"

"Nearly two years. To tell you the truth, sir, her age is against her. Gentlemen don't like to purchase an old bird. They make a mistake there, sir. She'll live till they are tired of her, and she hasn't got to be taught. She knows enough now. Old Mr. Price, of Brecknockshire, Wales, the great Welsh scholar, who died seven years ago, had her of his father in 1803, who had purchased her of an African trader at Bristol fifteen years before, and she was then a full-grown bird. She can talk both Welsh and English, sir, and you will never regret buying her."

"You are quite sure she is free from all disease?"

"Bring her back, sir, if she has anything beyond a touch of the gout in the next year, and I'll return the money."

I thereupon closed the bargain for Polly and her cage, and calling a cab, took her home to Porchester square.

The Empress of France, married on the 10th of the previous January, proud with the *dot* of the 150,000 francs annual grant of the French Chambers, and vain of her reception at Windsor Castle, had just made her imperial exit from London; and Polly, being the penalty *pater familias* paid for saving his only daughter from the crush that cost eighteen lives and nine times that number of broken limbs and mutilated bodies, was instantly named Eugenie. It is proper to state here, however, that as nothing which concerned Polly ever remained done without her consent, and as she repudiated all *parvenu* pretensions to the royal rank she maintained among us for thirteen years, the name of Eugenie was never used in addressing her. She entered our house, reigned in it, without a rival, during all its migrations, and left it at last—*dies infelix!*—acknowledging only her ancestral name of Polly.

Polly—though presented as a gift to the young miss alluded to, whose title to her ownership was never in dispute—became at once the pet of all the household. Her first greeting to her new friends was on the evening of her arrival, as we were all standing around her cage, by the simple and brief "Pretty Polly," spoken in pleasant tones, as if modestly introducing herself to our acquaintance. She would say nothing further; so, with special directions to the servants of safe-keeping from the cat and dog—directions we often laughed about afterward when we better knew her abilities of self-protection—she was left for the night.

The next morning gave promise of one of those unusual April days in London which, though the mercury in Fahrenheit never reaches 75°, the English people call "hot," and Polly was placed upon the lends in the rear of the first flight of stairs. All efforts to coax her into a talking mood had failed, and the three ladies had left her to her mumps, when a clear, mellow whistle, with a prolonged cadence that rose and fell like the reveille of a bugle, was heard through every part of the house, followed by a soliloquy, so rapid and yet human-like, that everybody ran to the windows. "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! Polly wants a shirt! Scratch her poll! Scratch her poll! Going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds! Going! Going! Twenty pounds! Twenty pounds! Mr. Price! Mr. Price! Who are you? Going for twenty pounds!" The last repeated in the prolonged, despairing notes of an auctioneer unwillingly sacrificing the lot he has for sale, and all spoken in such varieties of intonation and natural cadences as filled the listeners with wonder. While repeating these sentences with a volubility and distinctness that defies description, Polly stood balancing herself on one leg—"teetering" the children afterward called it—swaying her body and back forth, her head cocked on one side, her small, round eyes watching against the approach of an intruder, and her attitude and bearing full of independence and nonchalance. The shouts of delight that followed this first essay of her powers of utterance checked her at once, and we soon learned that it was only when left to herself, and that during the warmest days in the open air, that her loquaciousness was indulged to its vent. Then—exposed to the full rays of the sun, without company, better in the stillness of the country than in town, full fed, her feathers smooth and glossy, her morning exercise of climbing the rounds and bars of her cage and swinging upon her ring finished, her ablutions thoroughly performed, and her poll scratched by the one whom she had chosen to consider her best friend—this last a favor she never failed to ask upon Mrs. G.'s approach, "scratch her poll, scratch her poll, pretty, pretty Polly, scratch her poll!—" would she pour forth her melody of language. Beginning with a sharp rebuking tone to "Mr. Price," followed by a beseeching request, "Polly wants her beer," she would call the cat "Pussy! poor pussy! mew! mew! poor pussy!" whistle to the dog, ask of the onlookers who stood below, wondering, "Who, who are you?" and then, composing herself to the dignity of surging to and fro, repeat, with infinite variety, her rich vocabulary.

In two respects she was remarkable; she never ceased to learn new words, old as she was, and she never forgot what she had already learned. But you could not teach her; she taught herself. Unceasing efforts to make her say "Harrie" or "Thiddie" failed, but the rebuking call to "George," and the welcome back to "Roy," the prolonged whistle of the oldest son returning at evening from the office, and the cant phrase of an ostler in the neighboring mews, "I'll warm ye," she adopted at once.

It happened one noon, during her first summer with us, that a strange cat, attracted either by Polly's mimicry of her call or the hope of a sweet morsel of bird, had stolen on to the leads. No person whom either could see was near. The former, a full-grown "Tom," crouching stealthily and slowly, amid long and doubtful pauses, approached the cage. Polly, confident in her power, for she was a stranger to fear, and as if possessed of reason, began her call of "puss, puss, puss, poor pussy, poor, *poor* pussy," in her most winning tones, and followed it by her perfect imitation of the cry of a kitten for its mother. For ten minutes or more, while the changes of "mew! mew!" sometimes quick and sharp, sometimes prolonged wailings, and the endearing "poor, *poor* pussy," were rung by the bird, the cat, now and then shifting her line of approach, kept drawing nearer the cage. Her eyes were fixed upon the strange object before her, her tail waved stiffly to and fro, her movement forward was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and her crouch, and pointed ears, and lithe back, and frequently protruded tongue, and whiskers instinct with life, indicated her fell purpose. A minute more and her paw, thrust between the bars of the cage, was about to fix its claw in the bird's flesh, when a yell startled the house. Polly's beak, that terrible weapon which neither man nor beast dared encounter twice, with the quickness of an arrow had transfixed the cat's paw, and she was struggling, with cries of pain to be free. It was a fair fight for championship, in which Polly was the victor, and by whatever means the result may have been known, it is certain that no animal of the feline species on either side of the Atlantic ever afterward disputed her supremacy.

One of the earliest acquaintances Polly made in our house—an acquaintance that quickly ripened into intimacy—was with Flora, a small, white German spitz, in whose blood there was a dash of the Esquimaux dog, brought to England by Captain Parry, from Lancaster Sound, in 1818. Without unusual sagacity or strong antipathies, Flora was easily won by attention and kindness, so that no sooner had Polly learned to call "Flo, Flo, Flo," than the former acknowledged a tie of friendship between herself and the bird. Twenty times in a day would she rush from the area at Polly's call, tear up the stairs, and giving two short barks, as much as to say, "well, I'm here," curl down near the cage, and engage in catching flies, at which she was expert, until she fell asleep, Polly meanwhile looking contentedly on. She was the only animal at whom the bird never struck when she found an opportunity. When Flora died, Polly ceased to call her; and it is not remembered that she has spoken her name once in nine years. Even the stuffed skin of Flora, which was shortly brought home and placed in a glazed case near her cage, failed to awaken in the bird remembrances of her lost friend.

As has been stated already, one of her most emphatic calls was "George." From the top of the stairs, through the halls and rooms, to the most distant parts of the house, the short, sharp, and decisive "George! George!! George!!!" would ring, every repetition of the name being made increasingly severe and emphatic. "Confound you, Polly," said the subject of this call one morning, "I've a great mind to ring your neck." "Come along," replied the bird.

A smith, who was called in to repair the handle of her cage, was warned against her bite. While working warily at the job with wire and pincers, Polly, after eyeing him for a time, gave vent to her indignation in a quick, angry "George!" The man started as if shot, and turning pale, said, "Why, that's my name! She's a devil!" and was with difficulty persuaded to complete his work.

Two foppish young men were endeavoring one Sunday afternoon, from a neighboring window, to attract her attention. "Say something, Polly! Sell at auction, Polly! Do talk!" Polly, who was apparently interested in some stable talk overheard among the ostlers, and always manifested contempt for fine outsides, for a long time paid no attention to their requests, until, as if wearied by their importunity, she turned upon them with, "Who are you?" and immediately resumed her attitude of listening, refusing to speak another word.

The name of her mistress she never called aloud, and indeed, never spoke, except during the half hour they spent together daily. Then, courting every demonstration of fondness which hand, or voice, or look could give, bending her head to be scratched, stretching her back to be smoothed, kissing, shaking hands, giving back and receiving again her lump of sugar, and rollicking in the overflow of gladness on swing and perch and bar, sometimes rattling off words too rapid for full pronunciation, as "Pretty Polly, pret, pret, pret, Poll, Polly wants, pretty Poll," or subsiding into a gentler mood, accompanied by a "Hush, hush," lengthening the aspirate like a mother quieting her child, "'sh, 'sh," and breathing the low cooing she had caught from the doves, she would begin, "Mary! Mary! Pretty Mary! May, May, May!" with a continually decreasing volume of sound, till it reached a confidential whisper. She made friends of others, and perhaps was as pleased with their attentions, but the name of Mary she never uttered except to her mistress.

More remarkable in some respects than her power of speech was her whistle. It was a full, loud, clear note, of great power, as melodious as that of the piping bullfinch, and various as the mocking-bird's. Usually whistling in scales, with a compass of more than two octaves, she would run up and down her semi-wild, semi-cultivated gamut by the hour, introducing now and then, as variations, snatches caught from the violin or overheard in the street. A gentleman calling to introduce a friend one evening had passed her cage on the landing, when she gave one of her wild scales, the echo of which rang through the house. Thinking the whistle to have proceeded from his companion who was following him, the gentleman turned angrily around, saying, "D—it, Smith, do you know where you are?"

Though Polly's words and phrases were imitative, they were, beyond doubt, often associated with ideas. If the person fetching her food were stopped on the way, she would cry, "Come along, come along!" If one she liked (never to one she disliked) approached her cage, putting her head through the bars, she asked, "Scratch her poll," repeating the request till granted; and to boys, who in the country stood wondering at her through the palings, she invariably cried, "Who are you?" To Hector, the dog succeeding Flora, but with whom she formed no friendship, she barked; to the cat, as also to a muff or other furs, she either mewed or called "puss;" to a stranger she addressed "Mr. Price;" to two ladies who were accustomed to stand admiring her, "pretty, pretty Polly," dwelling on the adjective with a voice of feminine softness; and only when alone, in the joy of a hot midsummer's sun, selling herself to some mythical buyer, "going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds!"

It was charged that she was treacherous, but only by those who had incurred her anger and were afraid of her terrible beak. She never struck a friend but once, and then because the hand that caressed her was gloved, and she never lost an opportunity to inflict a blow upon an enemy. To her favorite next to her mistress, a lady of great gentleness and equipoise of character, she would come to be petted with the greatest eagerness, bending her neck, softening her voice, offering her claw, and in many ways manifesting her affection. She knew every member of the family, calling four of them by name, and what, considering the difference she made in every other demonstration between friend and foe, is remarkable, two of the four were her special dislike.

In all Polly's wonderful vocabulary there were no words which she used more effectively or appropriately than those intended to excite a consciousness of wrong. Nothing irregular ever came within her notice, nothing disobedient by the children, or evasive by the servants, or rude by visitors, or undignified by the elders of the family, which was not followed by an instant expression of scorn. "For shame! For shame!" spoken in those low, grave tones, with the falling inflexion, that give to our Saxon idiom an intensity of rebuke beyond most modern tongues, fell upon the unwilling ears of wrong-doers, not without good. Where she caught the words, or why she never misapplied them, was alike mysterious. To the attempt to terrify her by menace, or to punish her by blows—to the worrying of dog or cat—to the boisterous crying of boys or girls—to hasty words of anger spoken in her hearing—she applied the solemn, dignified rebuke, "For shame! For shame!" In this respect she was, in fact, the mentor of the household, many a door having been shut, and many a scene of disturbance removed from hall to study or parlor, to escape from hearing her reiterated rebuke.

Like most domestic animals she was strongly under the law of habit. She insisted upon the cleansing of her cage, supply of her food, change of her water for drink or bathing, removal to the open air from the house, and her daily lumps of sugar, at certain fixed hours, any omission or postponement of which she knew both how to make known and to punish. The only exception to this which her twelve years' membership in our family afforded, was her escape one morning to a neighboring roof in London, and her unwillingness to be captured and brought back. We at one time furnished her with a companion of her own breed, an African parrot, younger and sprightlier than she, but she refused all acquaintance or any introduction that should lead to it, not according even the recognition which she gave to dog, cat, or canary bird. Age had made her celibate habits a second nature, and she bridled up with the dignity of an ancient spinster at any purpose of invading them.

Of Polly's faults it is best to say nothing, "nor draw her frailties from their dread abode." Even humanity is imperfect, and the god Pan, who was more than human, sometimes changed the music that caused all the wood nymphs to dance, into cries that drove every one mad. With all her winning blandishments, Polly had the power of making herself infinitely disagreeable. At the approach of cold weather her gayety disappeared, her spirits sunk, and her sulks came on, lasting the whole winter. This change of disposition was accompanied by shrieks—the country folk called them *squawks*—uttered at intervals of every few seconds, and continued for hours. Nothing availed to stop them—food, the warmest place in the house, or threats—except the total exclusion of light from her cage, and this was accomplished by drawing over it a thick covering of drugget.

Polly came to this country in 1861. She bore the voyage impatiently, making our state-room hideous by her complainings, and was so ill-natured that, to warn visitors not to approach too near, we hung a placard "she bites" upon her cage. Under the July sun of Columbia county, New York, however, she shortly recovered her good temper, and, barring an occasional attack of gout in her feet, continued in good health up to this last winter. She had then reached the age of eighty years. Without considering the exhausted resources of advanced life to meet severe cold, she was committed to Adams's Express to be taken on to Washington City during the severest night of the season, and froze to death on the way. The taxidermist of the Smithsonian Institute has done his best to preserve the bird's mortal part, and restore it to our sight. But he had never seen Polly alive, and has failed. As her form, perched on a spray, rises above the bracket before me, it is but the mockery of the queenly bird—the arched neck, and knowing look, and graceful posture, and princely bearing, are no longer there. As the grave-digger said to Hamlet about poor Ophelia (varying a single word—"One that *was* a parrot, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead."—*The Galaxy.*

A WARNING.

Tell me, angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?
The angel bands replied,
"To us is knowledge given,
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven!"

Presence of Mind.

In times of danger nothing is so important as presence of mind. An English writer, discoursing on the subject, gives the following instances in point:—

A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? She went straight to the dog, received his head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and, muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course she fainted after it was all right.

We all know the story of the Grecian mother who saw her child sporting on the edge of the bridge. She knew that a cry would startle it over into the raging stream—she came gently near, and, opening her bosom, allured the little scapegrace.

Items.

LONDON, August 21.—Dispatches were received in this city to-day giving the particulars of a heartrending calamity which occurred in North Wales yesterday afternoon, whereby twenty-five persons lost their lives.

A train of cars from Holyhead, containing the passengers and mail from Ireland, which was proceeding towards Liverpool at the usual speed, met with a sad accident yesterday at the little town of Abergell, in the county of Denbigh. A long train of loaded petroleum trucks had just been switched on a siding, to make way for the Irish mail train, but the switch-tender neglected to replace his switch.

A dreadful collision was the consequence, by which seven passengers in the Irish mail train were killed outright, and many others badly injured. The cars in both trains were reduced to a shapeless mass. The concussion produced an explosion of petroleum, which instantly enveloped both trains in flame, and before the fire could be subdued eighteen persons were burned to ashes.

—A Paris correspondent writes that an attempt is being made to restore the high tortoise shell comb of our grandmothers. A few head-dresses *a la Chinoise*, with bow of hair on the top of the head backed by a high comb, are seen in the store windows of our court hair-dressers, and one or two of the ultra-elevated adherents are determined to favor the movement.

—A method of separating honey from its comb, by means of a centrifugal apparatus devised for the purpose, is said to have many advantages over any other now in use. Among others, the honey is obtained in a state of perfect purity, the bee-bread and the wax remaining behind. The cells, also, being but little injured, may be returned to the swarm, which immediately proceeds to fill them again without loss of time.

—Thurlow Weed writes from London that the effect of the drought upon the parks can scarcely be credited by those who have not seen them; in many of them there is not even a pretence of pasturage. In a wooded quarter of Hyde Park the withered and fallen leaves covered the ground as they do with us in November.

—Findlay, Ohio, has lately struck two gas wells, the product of which is used in illuminating private residences, and it is proposed to try to get a supply to light the town.

—Owing to the extraordinary heat during this summer in Paris, all the tropical trees and plants have flowered and produced fruits and seeds, even the manioca, indigo, cinnamon, coffee, banana, and also the cotton plant.

Eider-Down.

Eider-down much used for coverlets, and is the lightest and warmest covering made: this down is from the breast of the eider-duck. The best down is that which the birds have stripped from their breasts to make a lining for their nests, that which is taken from the dead bird being considered inferior in quality and called *dead down*, in contradistinction to that which is taken from the nests and termed live down. The down is placed between two pieces of silk or other material, and quilted in large diamonds to keep the feathers in their place. The eider-duck is very abundant in Iceland, Lapland, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, on the shores of Baffin's Bay, &c. It is of a size intermediate between the domestic duck and goose. In Iceland and Norway the breeding-grounds of eiders are carefully protected, so that as little as possible may interfere with the eider-down crop. This curious and beautiful down grows on the breast of the bird, and the mode of procuring it is somewhat singular. The nest is composed of seaweed, and any hole or ledge is evidently considered as an eligible building site. The number of eggs laid is usually five, six, or seven; they are three inches long, two broad, and of a uniform pale-green. When first deposited in the nest they are allowed to go uncovered, but in a few days the mother begins to pluck the down from her breast, and to cover them over, and this process would seem indispensable to the growth and hatching of the young birds, for if the nest be plundered till the female has left no down on her breast, the male bird will begin to furnish the comfortable covering from his own body. The common practice is to remove the whole of the eggs with the down twice, and to leave the third lot of eggs, that the birds may not be thinned in number. The gross weight yielded by one bird in a single season is half-a-pound, but this when cleaned is reduced by one-half. The elasticity of eider-down is so great, that three-quarters of an ounce will fill a man's hat. It is capable of great compression, so that the down makes its appearance in balls no larger than a breakfast-cup, but weighing about three pounds. The flesh is said to be fit for food, and even of excellent flavor when the duck is wholly or partially domesticated.

Newspapers in Old Times.

At the convention of editors and printers in Vermont, a few weeks ago, Hon. E. P. Walton, of Montpelier, made a speech, in which he related his experience in the newspaper business, and made the following remarks concerning the way the printer was paid when his father carried on the business to which he succeeded:—

"I can remember one point in which I am very sure the printer of 1820 had a very great advantage over you of these days, and that was in getting a more just reward for their labor than you do. Not that there was plenty of money in those days—there was but little of it for a time. I can remember when there were but two banks in the state. Money was not plenty. Now and then we got hold of a pistereen, nine-pence, or four-pence-halfpenny. But I can tell you what they did get literally: they got two cords of wood, they got four bushels of corn, they got twelve bushels of oats, and twenty-four bushels of potatoes, and sixteen pounds of butter, for a year's subscription! I can remember when my father's cellar was half full of apples, enough to furnish one-half of the village of Montpelier could they have them now. Why, he had to feed them to the hogs. Often he had from six to twelve barrels of cider at a time, enough wheat, rye, and corn to fill a large granary, a yard filled with eight feet wood, potatoes, and vegetables of every sort—quite different pay from what we get now, but infinitely better. He could support his family, and supply many of his neighbors. You cannot do it now."

☞ Child murder—Making a boy or girl of seven or eight study ten different branches of education every day, as they do in some schools.

☞ The German doctors have lately been playing their leeches a droll trick—making one worm do the work of many. When the little blood-sucker has taken his fill and is about to release his bite, he is tapped; a small incision is made in his side, that serves as an outlet for the blood, and he goes on sucking, in happy ignorance of the cause of his abnormal appetite, as long as the doctor pleases. Bdellatomy is the name given to the practice, and it is urged that it is not cruel, but contrarywise; since it does the leech a good turn be enabling him to enjoy his rich feast indefinitely. He does not die under the operation; but with proper treatment is soon healed, and may be incised over and over again.

One of the best colognes ever made is Burnett's of Boston. It excels the Farina, and is cheaper. Full confidence can be given to any of Burnett's manufactures.

His great popularity is owing to the rare taste and skill displayed in the production of his delightful toilet preparations. They are regarded by many as superior to the imported articles of a similar nature—we speak from actual experience.—*Baltimore American.*

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.

aug1-cow10t

The Heated Term.

August is invariably an unhealthy month, and the dog-days are universally quoted as an unhealthy season. Diseases more frequently terminate fatally at this time than at any other, owing to the relaxation of the system. This is, therefore, the proper time to use a remedy that will recuperate the strength and fortify the system against the attacks of disease. Experience has demonstrated the fact that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the best medicine used to accomplish this desirable object. By its use the appetite is increased, digestion promoted, all feelings of depression removed, and the vital functions restored. The afflicted should avoid all pernicious alcoholic preparations purporting to be tonics and restoratives, as they only afford temporary exhilaration, and eventually entail dangerous, if not fatal, results. This is never the case with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. They afford permanent benefit and soothe the nerves without reaction following their use. The weak and debilitated, by its aid, awake to a sense of the enjoyments of life, and they are enabled once more to take their accustomed positions in society. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are now considered the standard remedy for all diseases arising from an impurity of the blood. They are manufactured in great quantities, and there is scarcely a city or hamlet on the habitable globe where they may not be found. aug15-3t

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

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Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

YE pimpled, blotched and ulcerated victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

aug22-2t

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *time s,mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00.

Address F. P. BOWEN,
Box 230, Boston, Mass.

je27-tf

For Summer or Winter, For Kitchen or Parlor, For Sailor or Soldier, For Farm or Workshop.

There is no wiser precaution than to always have a supply of Redding's RUSSIA SALVE, for use in cases of burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, pimples, chilblains, salt rheum, boils, &c. All druggists have it. By mail, 35 cents.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Are you troubled with dizziness? Do you feel sluggish and heavy? If so, you are on the verge of a severe bilious attack; delay not a moment; use these Pills; they will save you months of sickness.

THE DREAMER.

Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green-twining arms, a pleasant shade,
A summer-noon, is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers,
Dream I—nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset paving o'er the flowing sea,
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace the smooth ascent from earth to heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all appliances of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command,
Viands that might a godlike palate please,
And music's soul-creative ecstasies,
Dream I—nor gloating o'er a wide estate,
Till the full self-complacent heart, elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on earth:

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,
Join their unmingling notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till day is done and darkness doth begin,
Dream I—or in the corner where I lie,
On winter nights, just covered from the sky;
Such is my fate, and barren as it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner! yet, I dream.

And, yet, I dream—
Dream what, were man more just, I might have been!
How strong, how fair, how kindly, and serene,
Glowing of heart and glorious of mien,
The conscious crown to Nature's blisaful scene;
In just and equal brotherhood, to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen;
Such is my dream.

THE HAUNTED BRIDE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

Further on in the day Antony brought in a pair of tall, silver candlesticks with candles in them, and placing them on the table by which Catharine still sat reading, retired to be followed soon by his wife with a pile of bed clothes in her arms.

"Ah yes, I am glad you have thought of it, Eunice," said she, cheerfully. "I shall go to bed early; and I was just wondering whether I could sleep among all that ancient lace work; indeed, I had half determined to pass the night on this broad lounge that looks so comfortable, and not disturb the ornamental arrangement at all."

"Oh, will you, Miss?" cried Eunice, anxiously. "Oh, do, if you can, for Mr. Penderyl himself will soon be here, as you say, and then it can be settled as he desires. I'm afraid he never meant this bed to be slept in. I wish—"

"There, pray say no more about it," said Catharine, coloring with annoyance and displeasure, "I prefer to sleep on the lounge; but please do not speak of my husband so. I cannot understand why you should think him either exacting or peculiar."

The woman drew a sigh of intense relief, and hastened to improvise a bed on the sofa very expediously. When it was arranged, she went out; first asking if anything further was needed that night; Catharine answered no, and said she should retire early, which Eunice approved, and coming back into the room, drew near and said, hesitatingly—

"We shall go to bed early, too. We sleep away at the other end of the house, far back out of the way, and would not hear you if you should call. Is there nothing at all that you might want? if you think of anything, please ask now, and do not go out in the hall or call us, for we cannot hear you."

"Is there no bell?" asked her mistress, looking round the wall and feeling quite startled at the prospect of such complete isolation.

Eunice shook her head, and again begged her to think of anything that might be needed, but resigning herself to her fate, Catharine dismissed her, and lighting her candles, read awhile longer, or rather made a pretence of reading. Then she got up and replenished the fire from the wood basket—for the place was so empty and lonely, that even the crackle of the blazing logs was better than its utter stillness. Then she yawned awhile, and told herself that she was desperately sleepy, although she felt a nervous wakefulness stealing over her that she did not intend to acknowledge even to herself. So she kept thinking "Oh, dear, I'm so weary, I shall be sound asleep as soon as I lie down, I know; first I'll lock my door, so that I shall have a complete sense of safety; though after all I am very silly to be startled by Eunice's words. I did not want to have her near me, and I never wake in the night," reasoning thus, she quite reassured herself, but she could not help adding—"I wonder why the room has no bell; what an odd idea—I must ask Clement about it. So she turned the door handle as she came to this conclusion, to find to her surprise, that it was fastened on the other side, and she was positively locked in. The discovery annoyed her excessively.

"What extraordinary people," she exclaimed. "I protest, it is quite a liberty. Clement should have prepared me for the eccentricity of his servants." She walked up and down the floor with a flushing face, and for a moment she actually blamed her absent husband, the next she regretted her haste and made amends remorsefully in her own mind.

Did she not insist on coming without him; did she not oppose his plan of returning to her Cousin Warrington's, although he seemed so anxious to save her from the loneliness she had voluntarily subjected herself to? She would go to bed sensibly and wait for a letter that was sure to come to-morrow. The sooner she got to sleep the sooner it would be morning, and she felt sure the sight of Clement's writing would make everything bright and cheerful in her eyes. Still it was a long time before she could succeed in keeping her eyelids closed, and even when she at last sank asleep, her rest was broken and she started continually.

It might have been near morning—she could not tell, for she had been asleep and awake a dozen times, so that the night seemed interminable—but of what occurred she was perfectly conscious, and had the clear and unmistakable evidence of her senses.

She awoke with a sense of chilliness on her, for the fire had burned out and the air was cool, colder, she thought, than it should have become so soon after the room was thoroughly heated. A damp breeze seemed to blow over her, and there was no light except the faint glimmer of a night lamp from a distant corner of the apartment; a terrible stillness seemed brooding over everything, and an awestruck, desolate feeling crept into her heart as she thought of the great empty house, and her own locked chamber.

Suddenly something passed before her—something long and white like a figure in a shroud. She drew a sharp breath of pain and horror, and then it seemed as if her heart refused to beat, and her blood turned to ice in her veins. She could not stir, and did not lift her fingers to stay the apparition, and yet she felt she would give all the world to grasp it and compel it to dispel the terror its presence had brought. In a moment more it flitted by again; and then she saw it was like a woman, with long, white hair, and that a pair of luminous eyes burning like living fire seemed to gleam over her, but not at her, as it was lost to view, and with a fear that made her soul sick, poor Catharine clutched the counterpane and covered her own white face, to shut out the sight. She must have become unconscious, for when she next opened her eyes it was clear, bright day, and the early sunlight was streaming into the little window looking towards the east.

She tried to raise her head, but it throbbed fearfully, so she lay still trying to disentangle the confusion of the night before, and persuade herself it was part of the delirium of fever. But anxious as she was to think herself deluded, it was useless to deny the reality of her terror—the white figure stood clearly defined before her, turn which way she would, and to be locked in a room where she had seen such a sight—even in the broad light of day, seemed dreadful. By-and-by she rose, and feeling an unconquerable yearning for the sight of a human face, be it whose it might, she ran to the door to knock and demand that it might be opened instantly.

The handle turned in her grasp, and the door swung back into the hall.

"Can I have dreamed that the door was locked," she thought; "I'm sure that I tried and it was fast. I must call Eunice and ask her what it means."

So she ran to the staircase, and called, "Eunice, Eunice;" but no one answered the summons; then she went back again and began to walk about uneasily. The room was cold and cheerless, for the ashes lay heaped on the hearth, and the sun was overcast with clouds. She left the hall door open, for to close it seemed to shut out the little life there was, and the memory of the figure of the night before, made it seem haunted.

Eunice had a silent tread, for she stood on the threshold before Catharine heard her step.

"We did not think that you would be stirring so early, or else I should have had your fire started," she said. "Here comes Antony with the wood; may he come in?"

It was on her lips to beg the woman to tell her the meaning of her last night's visitation, and entreat her to get her a maid who would sleep near at hand, and save her from the sense of desolation that overpowered her—but with the daylight and human society came her natural dignity and courage, and so she tried to assume an expression of cheerfulness, and hide the traces of her terror.

"I am glad that you are come, Eunice," she said, quietly, "it is very chilly this morning, or else I do not feel quite well—so I'll put my shawl around me till the fire is lighted."

All the time she spoke she was conscious of the woman's curiously stealthy way of watching her, as if she expected to detect something in her face that she yet feared to see. Catharine had sufficient self-control to prevent her feelings betraying themselves, and so after secretly watching her for a while, Eunice uttered a sigh of relief, and said she was thankful to find that Mrs. Penderyl rested well, and hoped that she would have an appetite for breakfast, which would be ready presently.

"How do you get letters here," Mrs. Penderyl asked, trying to appear calm on the subject of such intence importance: "I expect one to-day, and should like to know whether I should send to the village for it, or wait till it is brought."

Antony had by this time lighted the fire, and having considered the matter for a moment, with great seriousness, he replied—

"None of us ever had a letter come to the place, nor Mr. Penderyl never had, as far as I know—but there is a post-office at Parkerstown, where you stopped all night—and may be you might get a letter from there."

This was strange, and she wondered why Clement had lived so entirely secluded when he seemed so full of interest and sympathy with the world. The letter, that was the one idea of her brain, for there must be a letter, though she had never thought to make him promise to write. It must be gotten, and so she would send Antony to Parkerstown, and not risk the chance of its being sent to Penderyl Peaks.

But Antony, when this plan was proposed to him, seemed to think it entirely impracticable.

"I can't leave the place, ma'am," he repeated, "Mr. Penderyl would never forgive me, if he knew I left the place.—Eunice, you know how much I wish to serve the lady, and you can tell her how hard it is for me to refuse to leave the place. I gave my sacred promise I never would."

Catharine looked in amazement from one to the other, when Eunice came to her rescue.

"Antony is right, ma'am; though it seems hard—he has Mr. Penderyl's orders to follow. But there's the young man from the town, who will bring you things—he will be a good messenger to send; and I'll watch for him, and tell you when he comes."

With this arrangement she was forced to be content; and when at length the wagon arrived, and she hastened its unloading, and sent the driver back to the post-office at Parkerstown, she seated herself at the window that commanded the road, to watch for his return.

At last he came; it seemed an age of waiting to her; and when he told her there was no letter, she turned sick and faint, for twilight was at hand, and the horror of the night she had passed was again stealing over her.

Restless and dejected, she walked about her room in which the two strange servants had made her a prisoner, and being deprived of her only sustaining hope, could not for a time either think or reason.

Thank Heaven, no mood can last forever. So after a time she became more composed, and her first quiet thought was in extenuation of her husband's apparent neglect.

"He wrote to me at once—I'm sure of that; but there is always a delay at these out of the way stations."

Eunice brought her tea late; she had asked for it at half-past seven, hoping to break the monotony of a long, dull evening; and now that it had come, she found herself trying to detain the woman by various devices in the room with her—for although the shy watching and secret manner of Eunice annoyed her, she dreaded utter loneliness so much, that even *her* presence was a relief.

"Why do you think I had better remain in my own room, and not begin housekeeping in a regular manner?" asked she, suddenly, trying to startle the old woman into a frank answer.

She failed in her design, for after remaining silent awhile and being very busy with her tray, Eunice replied:

"I wouldn't wish you to think I dictated to you, ma'am, but Mr. Penderyl gave us his commands, and we have not heard from him to the contrary of what he told us. Antony and I must wait till we see him before there's any change; and we will risk his being displeased, rather than act without his orders."

She did not look at her mistress in speaking, but seemed anxious to evade her eye, and very desirous of getting away from the room. She fidgetted under each fresh demand on her service—and more than once had got to the door and turned the handle when Mrs. Penderyl called her back.

She had put wood on the fire, added a counterpane to the lounge, found snuffers to trim the candles, and drawn the curtains, when Catharine, failing to invent any other task, was obliged to see her depart, and make up her mind to loneliness. Suddenly remembering the locking of her door last night, she sprang up and running after her to insist on being allowed to manage her own bolts and bars, found herself in the dark and empty hall from which Eunice had suddenly disappeared. As she stood irresolute, not quite decided whether to grope her way down in the darkness or return and wait till to-morrow, she became rooted to the ground in terror—for a long, low, desolate cry rang out through all the house, and echoed drearily through the hall where she stood. She listened, unable to fly, though stricken with fear at its ghostly moaning sound, and strained her eyes in the darkness to discover whence it came. As she waited, it was repeated fainter, and with an indescribable wailing in its tone—and this time the fear that had at first paralyzed her, gave her power to flee, and she sped into her chamber, and locked and bolted her door as if intent on keeping out the sound.

That night she passed quietly, no form or voice disturbed her further, but a dull dread hung over her like a heavy pall, and she seemed forgetting to hope or look forward beyond this weary time. She kept her candles burning and replenished her fire, and sleep having fled from her eyes lay watching for sights and sounds, the memory of which filled her with fear. Despite her efforts to banish them, her cousin's words would continue to obtrude themselves mockingly on her mind. "Reserved and mysterious," she kept repeating. "No, no, he never was reserved or mysterious to me, he will explain it all when he comes, and oh, I wish he were here!"

But although she wished, she scarcely dared to hope. It was as if the two or three blank, miserable days spent in this wretched place had overcast all the rest and swallowed the light and buoyancy of her life. Morning brought returning spirits, and she sprang up crying,

"Oh, there must be a letter to-day, the man will not fail to bring me one, I know." So she sat at the window and scarcely took time to swallow a mouthful of breakfast in her anxiety not to lose sight of the road for an instant.

In vain she watched; not a human figure appeared all the long day, for the little bridle-path that led from the main road to the house was nearly overgrown with young spring grass, there were so few to tread it down. Thus past the dreary day, and she seemed turning to stony despair.

Eunice found her one day lying with her head upon her arms, her whole figure expressing abandonment to grief—it was twilight again, and the sun having set clearly, a sweet, soft-aired spring-night, with a young moon just risen, was making the world outside beautiful. The old woman's heart seemed touched with pity for the poor girl who still kept her face hidden, unconscious of her presence.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, "Antony sent me to tell you that the garden looks very pleasant, and he thinks you would enjoy walking in it awhile."

Catharine got up instantly, and without speaking put a light mantle around her shoulders.

"I am afraid you do not feel well, ma'am," proceeded Eunice, "and I hope and pray Mr. Penderyl may soon be here—if he were not coming he would write, wouldn't he?"

"That is it," thought Catharine, "he is on his way now, and that is why I get no letter. Courage! it can only last a little longer," and she turned with sudden animation towards her attendant, saying,

"Leave all my windows open, the air grows sluggish, making me feel stupid and dispirited. You are right, Mr. Penderyl is sure to be here very soon, to your relief, as well as mine no doubt," and then she tried to laugh at the absurd restraint the odd old couple had put her under, acknowledging that she could not blame them, since they evidently felt they were fulfilling their duty to her husband.

Eunice indeed seemed relieved at the prospect of seeing Mr. Penderyl, although there was a mysterious sighing and headshaking following every mention of his name that greatly perplexed and provoked his wife.

When they reached the garden she was astonished to find it exquisitely cultivated and tastefully arranged, with green-houses and mystic bowers, and every device to beautify and ornament it. This seemed all the more strange from the contrast it presented to the neglected old house where gloom and decay divided the rule between them. Catharine had wondered what Antony did to employ his time, since Eunice had always spoken of him as being busy. This then explained it all—the smooth walks, the prettily bordered beds, the luxuriant growth in the hot-houses must have been the occupation of many an hour, and did credit to the taste and care of a skillful gardener.

"I never heard Clement speak of plants and flowers with enthusiasm," thought Catharine, "yet this must be done by his orders, since they obey him so strictly in everything else."

Then she felt an odd pang of jealous pain. Why had he not shared this passion with her and allowed her to advise him for her own taste about the arrangement of this only bright spot in all the dreary waste of a place? It was perhaps to surprise her—she would stifle such an unworthy feeling and enjoy its beauty without a drawback. Arriving at this conclusion she wandered through the greeneries, guided to the different exotics by their varying fragrance, and revelling in their scents and beauty.

As she came out into the free, pure air again, she looked up at the great gray shadow of a house, rising like a gloomy ruin, without light or sign of inhabitant. Eunice stood in the doorway, looking frightened, and beckoning her to come in quickly.

"What can be the matter with that strange woman now?" thought she as she hastened towards her.

There was more of entreaty than command in her gesture, yet she caught Catharine's arm and almost dragged her into the house saying,

"Antony thought it was all right, but it is safer for you in your own room; you must not leave it again till he comes—it was foolish and short-sighted in us to say you might walk here to-night."

The woman wrung her hands and motioned towards the great staircase, imploring the startled and bewildered Catharine to hasten to her own apartment. She looked so wild and behaved so excitedly that the young lady drew back at first in alarm and then in dignity.

"I have not yet finished my walk," she said coldly. "I am tired of your commands and prohibitions, and will not be annoyed by them any longer." So saying she passed out into the garden and began to pace the broad avenue that led to a grotto at the farther end.

"Come back, for the love of heaven, come back," cried Eunice in a suppressed shriek. "Oh, what a terrible burden this mad folly of our master's has laid upon our poor old hearts. Lady, if you value your own life, come back!"

She ran out screaming and wailing, still in a shrill undertone, as if she dreaded being overheard, and laying hold of her mistress began to drag her towards the house by main strength.

Catharine shook her off.

"I believe I am at the mercy of a pair of lunatics," she exclaimed. "Oh, what does it all mean?"

She looked up appealingly to the quiet sky above her, for in her loneliness and despair she had lost all other hope.

The moon shone with a tender brilliance, and the stars looked pale in the sweet, sad light; even the hard, dark outline of the gloomy building was softened by the lovely halo thrown around it, and something of its quiet beauty stole into Catharine's troubled heart, giving it a moment's calm. Only a moment's, for the next glance made her heart cease to beat, and fixed her motionless with terror on the spot where she stood. Far above her head on the parapet of the great house walked a fluttering white figure, that looked down from its dizzy height and waved its slender white arms like the wings of a spirit. Her half-uttered cry and upturned gaze directed Eunice's eyes thither too, and for a moment the form seemed to waver and made as though it would spring downwards then; it turned and fled like the wind along the narrow edge of stone-work, disappearing behind the circle of the tower. As it was lost to sight, Catharine found voice and gave one long, loud cry of fear, but Eunice gaining strength from excitement, caught her in her arms and forcibly bore her into the house, closing the door behind her and locking and barring it tightly.

"What is it?" demanded the terrified girl breathlessly. "Who is that figure? I saw it once before, and it made me sick with fear. Answer me, woman, what dark history belongs to this wretched house, and why, oh, why did I ever cross its gloomy threshold?"

Becoming aware even as she uttered the words that she was arraigning her absent husband, and reflecting on her own past infatuation, she sealed her lips, and striving hard to regain her courage, rose from the settle on which she had struggled out of Eunice's grasp, and went up the dimly lighted stairway, slowly, trembling as she walked, but struggling hard to preserve her self-command.

When she got safely into her own room, she closed her door, and stood still to think.

"What shall I do?" she said, "shall I try to endure this ghostly life longer? Can I bear it? Was I wise to oppose Clement's wish and come here to this cavern of gloom and despair? What is this phantom that seems to haunt the place, and why should my husband have two such strange servants in his employ who talk of him as if he were a monomaniac, and treat me as if I were an unhappy child, who had committed some sad folly? I will not try to bear it longer!"

So saying, she stamped her foot and clenched her hands in determined anger, but the next moment the sight she had witnessed, the horror of her loneliness, the painful reality to which she had awakened out of her blessed dream, all gathered like dark shadows round her heart and shut out life and hope and feeling.

She reeled, and with a deep-drawn, painful sigh fell heavily forward on the floor of her chamber. It was a long, death-like swoon, and when she awoke she seemed to have forgotten everything; the room where she lay, the sights and sounds about her all seemed strange, and a faint fluttering of the heart appeared to be the only life that animated her frame.

Antony and Eunice hung over her in great distress and fear. She heard their words, but they seemed meaningless, and no remembrance stirred her mind at the sight of their faces.

"She is dying," cried Eunice faintly. "Oh, see the awful white of her lips, and her eyes are glazing!"

"Be quiet," whispered her husband, in a voice scarcely less shaken with fear. "She is coming to herself, and we must try to deceive her."

"No, no," cried Eunice, "that I can never do. I will not lie, and I believe it was the will of God that the two should see each other. It is a dreadful sin—a deadly sin, and in helping him to conceal it we are as wicked as he is."

"Hush, woman," exclaimed the old man fiercely; "how dare you judge of such a matter? The other has been the same as dead for years, and the wrong is not in his taking another wife, but sending her here where we are trying to guard the poor crazy one."

As suddenly as if she had been shot from the mouth of a cannon she sprang through a cold, dull void into quick, burning, stinging consciousness.

She knew all now—remembered how she had fallen senseless, and the dreadful sight that had gone before it.

She was under the same roof that sheltered her husband's lunatic wife, and the phantom of her lonely room, the utterer of that low, wailing cry, the spirit-like figure in the air all were she.

She did not try to question her heart, all reason or power of arranging thought were gone, and dull, fearful horror reigned supreme.

To get away, to leave the dreadful place far behind her, and fly to some spot where none should ever know her wretched story, and she could die in secret—that was an instinctive desire, and a strange kind of cunning came to her aid and helped her to deceive the anxious eyes that watched her.

"Hush," said Eunice, "she's coming to herself, and I pity her with all my heart."

"No," said her husband, "she's gone again. It's weakness and fright together, she has not eaten enough to keep a bird alive since she came to the house, and that and her fear are killing her."

Catharine strove to compose her features and began to breathe regularly.

"She's sleeping," whispered Eunice joyfully, after a few moments' silence. "She will be better when she wakes, and he must surely be here to-morrow."

Catharine started.

To-morrow—here to-morrow—then she must lose no time. Oh, would they never leave her!

After a long time, it seemed an age to her, Antony rose and was moving away.

"I will go below now," he said in a low tone. "I have been away from her too long already, and she may grow impatient and cry out. Do you sit here all night, Eunice, and try to make this one swallow some wine when she stirs."

So he went away, and the old woman watched while the young woman lay writhing in spirit under the wordless torment of her wretched fate.

But Eunice was very weary, she had been wakeful for many nights, and this one found her unequal to the task of watching; her head dropped forward on her breast, and her struggling respirations deepened into snores.

Catharine allowed her to start fitfully at times and half recover herself, then sink into deeper slumber than before. At length finding that she was lost in sleep, the young wife raised herself from the pillow, and her eyes looking wild and hopeless in her ghastly face, gazed searchingly into the expressionless countenance of the sleeping Eunice. Satisfied with the scrutiny, she rose silently, and with the stealthy tread of a cat crossed the floor and unfastened the window, the cool night air rushed in and caused the flame of the candle to flicker a moment and then go out and leave them in darkness. Out on the little balcony the moon made a pale, weird light, and by its aid she gathered her wrappings and took her little purse from the travelling bag.

The chamber door was fastened, she knew that without trying it; but the balcony led to a window in the hall, and in another moment she had reached it, and was struggling to raise the heavy sash. Then remembering the great bolts that Antony slid in the hall door below, and how impossible it would be to scale the garden wall, even if she could gain it without rousing him, she tied her mantle tight about her, and with one desperate glance below threw herself over, and clinging like a cat to the trellis work where some old vines were swaying in the night wind, fell, scratched and trembling, on the gravel below.

But her light figure made little noise and suffered slight hurt, so she was quickly on her feet again, and away by the road she had come to Parkerstown.

Day was dawning as she entered the depot of the western train of cars, and drawing her veil down, hastened towards the ticket window, where a clerk was busy by gaslight serving the few passengers that were to go on by the expected train.

She had no settled plan, and only came here from the knowledge gained by chance that a western line passed through the town at six o'clock. Mr. Parker had enumerated that among the advantages of his happy village when endeavoring to represent it in a superior light to its new neighbor.

Her dress, whose disorder she had tried to remedy, and the slender purse she carried, was all she now stood possessed of in the world, for never again should she turn her face towards that dreadful spot that she had longed for in her mad folly as the home of her heart. To put distance between herself and it was her one desire, and by-and-by she would be able to think calmly and find a place to hide away from human knowledge the short remainder of her life. The one struggle of her mind was to prevent the full misery of her position coming before her thoughts—the crime—she shuddered as it would obtrude itself—the shame—oh, her sick soul revolted at the dreadful picture, a mad wife deserted that she might be raised to the pinnacle of human bliss, to be suddenly hurled into an abyss of agony and despair.

The cars came snorting furiously onward. She glanced down the trembling rails as she stood waiting on the platform, and an irresistible impulse seized her to throw her wretched form on the track and perish from the gloomy earth. A merciful love that guides the suffering human heart, even when it is too much blinded by sorrow to acknowledge its power, saved her, and she turned trembling away and hid her face from the sight of the little group that were hurrying forward to enter the cars.

It was the day week on which she was married—seven days! Could it be possible that so small a time could compass such a fearful change! She looked back on the ecstatic creature that she had been, as something belonging to another world—the wild, unbounded joy she felt that had no foundation in reality, the idol around whom such blissful fancies clung—dust, dust and ashes, and her young life lay withered among the ruins. She leaned her head upon her hand and looked out of the shaking window on the prospect through which she was flying.

She was weak and exhausted from want of food and rest, and the nervous excitement that had sustained her suddenly gave way, a great trembling seized her, and she shook in every fibre of her frame; then a shower of burning, blinding tears fell from her eyes and saved her overwrought brain from madness.

She was quiet now, and could think and pray. Her uplifted soul uttered but one wild, longing wish, and that was for a rest in the grave, the merciful grave that would shield her broken heart from the pity of the world.

His name she did not dare to murmur even in her thoughts, that would be sinful, for he was not hers and never had been. She shuddered and strove to draw the veil of oblivion over the poor distraught creature who claimed him rightfully and divided them for ever, as so the cars sped on and the dreary hours wore away till noon.

"Change cars here for R———," cried the conductor at the door.

She seemed to wake up at the sound, and looked around her with a dim remembrance of meaning to go in that direction. So she rose, and trembling with weakness followed the people who streamed out into the waiting room.

As she reached the turning of the platform a truck laden with trunks rushed towards her; she strove to get out of the way, but either her dress was entangled or her strength gone, for she fell, and the man rushed rudely against her prostrate form.

Falling, she uttered a cry of fright and pain, and a gentleman pacing the walk with an anxious air, turned quickly at the sound. At the first glance he stood transfixed an instant, then catching her up in his arms he bore her into the station with half intelligible exclamations of mingled joy and distress.

A passive figure she lay, that gave no returning expression of recognition or delight, and the female attendant of the place coming to his aid, ran for a physician and restoratives. It was a long time before either was of any avail, and when at last she became conscious the sight of her companion seemed so great a shock that she relapsed again into insensibility, to his great alarm. The doctor advised her immediate removal to more comfortable quarters, and so she was borne in a close carriage to the best hotel the town could boast of. There she received such attentions that her strong young life and returning strength struggled successfully against her misery, and she sat upright and looked with sad, hopeless eyes into her husband's anxious face.

"Oh, my own darling," he cried, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how unspeakably glad I am to have you with me once again, even in this poor, shattered state. Oh, my love, what a miserable, tiresome mistake it was that led you to my poor uncle's dreary house and prevented your hearing from me for all these wretched, endless days!"

She gave a quick gasp, caught his hands in hers, but did not speak, except with her eyes, which asked with wild eagerness for more.

"What!" he cried, reading their meaning, "have you suffered under some dreadful delusion? Did you think that was our home? Oh, my love, have you doubted me, and does this poor, white, death-like face tell me truly that you have felt yourself deceived and injured?"

She moved her lips, trying to speak, but no word came.

"Oh, I see it all. My poor uncle's mad wife, of whose existence I was ignorant till now, the lonely place, the gloomy servants and the absence of letters from me, have crushed my bright darling. But, look up, love, it is all over now, and I will tell you how it happened, for unravelling this unfortunate mystery will be like medicine to your mind."

So he began to tell her that he had found his uncle ill; indeed, so ill that within two days after his arrival he was no more. He had sent for him at last, he said, because it was a justice due him to explain that there was nothing between them two, but that the wrong and trouble that separated them in this world was due to others, gone long ago to their account with heaven.

His uncle in a few words meant to spare the son the knowledge of his father's crime, explained that disagreeing with him about his sister's fortune, over which he exercised a guardian's right, they had come to high words, and Penderyl received a sudden blow from Clement's father. The noise of the ensuing struggle brought the young wife of the master of the Groves to the chamber where it occurred, it was late at night, and seeing her husband lying on the floor, and a wild and furious man above him, she threw herself between them and received a blow on the head, which, after a long illness, deprived her of reason. This was why he could never look on the son of his wronger, and yet he did all in his power when he lay dying to soften the confession and assure his newly-seen nephew of his true love. He had commended the poor crazed lady to his tenderest care, and with his last breath uttered charges concerning her comfort and protection.

Then Clement, only waiting to have the body prepared for removal to the neighborhood of its old home, hastened to the Peaks, overcome with anxiety at receiving no answer to his daily letters to his wife. There he found them awaiting him with the stunning information that she had never been there.

Almost frantic he had rushed back to the city, and sought the Warringtons, to find that she had never written a word, and they too were ignorant of her whereabouts.

Driven desperate, he was part way back to the Peaks, when the thought of his uncle's house struck his mind, and he was just turning to go in that direction, when waiting for the down train he had stumbled on the poor flying Catharine in her agony and despair.

Agony and despair suddenly transformed to peace and joy. As a shipwrecked soul first hails home and love of kindred, so she turned to her husband's breast and hid her unspoken suffering in tears of intense relief and rest.

It was long before she could find words to tell him the worst of that terrible time. Safe in the charms and delights of the beautiful home he had prepared to receive her, surrounded by friends, and restored to strength and health once more, she one day rolled away the burden of her past fears, and confessed the whole story of that frightful dread when she had thought herself bound to a man who had already a living, though lunatic wife, and trembled at every sound and sight in the gloomy old house where she had been "a haunted bride."

☞ BOLTED.—A landlord, recently, going around to collect his rents, sent his servant ahead to prepare his tenants for the visit. Reaching the first house, and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently in a vain endeavor to gain admittance, he inquired, "What is the matter, John? Is the door bolted?" "I don't know, sir," replied John; "but the tenant evidently has."

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves,
And woodbines scent the way—
We love to fly from daily care,
To breathe the country buxom air—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh and sport, and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the youth and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you,
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in! come in! you saucy elf!
And who's your friend?"—"'Tis Friendship's self!"
"Come each—come both, our sports to share;
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?
"Come, tell your errand, if you please;
You look so sour and ill at ease,
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Scorn!" and "Weariness of Life!"
"If such your names, we hate your kin;
That place is full, you can't come in
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow unwrinkled, fair and high—
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,
And asks your leave to stay.
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good friend."
"Come in! come in! with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

The Lights on Gwyneth's Head.

CHAPTER I.

A NORTHERN COAST.

The tide was out, and the air that blew over the long stretch of yellow sand was very fresh, and gentle too, for March, which month does not always come in like a lion, but sometimes inverses the proverb. There was a boat high and dry on the beach; there was something that looked like fishing nets; and there were two or three figures dotted about the sands.

All this Lucy Fernham saw from the drawing room windows of the big, irregularly-built house which stood in its own grounds, nearly a quarter of a mile inland, and which belonged to Sir Trever Pole, master of the Redfield pack. There were a good many guests assembled in that drawing-room, and of these Lucy knew that she was the star and centre. She would have told you so very bitterly. She remembered, only twelve months ago, looking out of a cottage window on a wilder coast than this, and being superciliously questioned respecting the road by one of these very gentlemen who paid court to her so deferentially now. Neither as a queen, did she always spare her subjects.

"You must remember, my lord," she would say to Lord Charles Fairstairs, "just such a coast line as that, with the bits of white flecking it, down at Gwyneth's Head, you know, where you lost your way."

And my lord would fidget and stammer, and mutter internally "the deuce!" and outwardly twist the thing into the most winning of compliments. For Lucy was an heiress. I don't think she was any happier, for that. Sometimes the fact seemed to have got into her life and poisoned it. It was always before her. She read it even in the invitation of Sir Trevor and Lady Pole, for had they not a son? And was not Sir Trevor notoriously half ruined by the foxhounds? She read it in the group of gentlemen that always gathered round her; in the deference which poor quiet Lady Pole showed to her; and she saw it, plainer than ever, in the tall figure of her uncle, Mr. Geoffry Fernham, as he came through the folding doors of the inner drawing-room, smiling when he caught her eye.

He was a wonderful old gentleman; straight as a dart, his hair quite white, his manners perfect, and his wealth fabulous. This was the accepted version of him. No one knew exactly where he had originally sprung from, or, indeed, much about him. Venturous theorists affirmed that his money was the result of mercantile speculations; others, that it had descended to him in the form of large estates in North America. But, at any rate, it doesn't so much matter where money comes from, if it is an existing fact; and Geoffrey Fernham's social status was unquestioned. He went everywhere; was rather deferred to than patronized; and if, through age and unconfessed infirmity his popularity had at all threatened to decrease, he had recently sent it up above its former level by adopting his niece, and causing it to be understood that she was his sole heiress.

As he came through the folding doors this evening he saw Lucy, as usual, like a queen holding a little court, and rather tired of it, just glancing towards him as he made his way with his accustomed quiet grace to a prie-dieu near her. For this extraordinary old man never lounged, or if he did, no one ever saw him do it.

They were talking about the Redfield hounds, and the next day's meet at the Cross Roads, which was to be the last meet of the season.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fernham, "that's a place where they would have buried a suicide some years ago—for punishment, I suppose. It's odd."

Nobody liked the interruption, unless, perhaps, it was Lucy herself; but young Trever Pole, out of politeness, asked,

"What is odd, Mr. Fernham?"

"The prejudice that existed—and still exists—against suicide. Death is generally a painful word," said Mr. Fernham, carelessly, as though to him all words were alike; "but of all deaths the one call natural must be the most terrible. In your own hands the work would be instantaneous, and, properly managed, painless; taking place at the very moment when life ceases to have anything to offer in return for the burden of living. There was rather a good story in 'Blackwood' touching on this. It's a long time ago, and was only the story of a dream. A very sensible dream, though. Suppose a man—take Sir Trevor here, for instance—has had his day, enjoyed all his good things in his time, and has now only to give up to his son, and sink into insignificance. Well, instead of dragging on the shadow of a life that was once good, suppose he ceases to be. There is no necessity to use hard words. He might simply *cease to be*. No one need inquire about him. He *was*; his son is. There is great simplicity in the theory."

Mr. Fernham looked up as he finished, saw the discomfort and perplexity on the faces around him, and his own lost its dreamy, abstracted expression.

"But you were speaking of the meet," he said. "It will be a splendid day for it. You can see that the sun will set without a cloud, and the wind is as it should be. Lucy, you will ride?"

"To see them throw off," replied Miss Fernham.

There was a chorus of exclamations at this from the gentlemen.

Mr. Fernham listened, and one white hand shaded his mouth. I think that the curl on Lucy's lip might have found its reflection there, only without bitterness. Bitterness involves, to a certain extent, suffering; and in Geoffry Fernham's creed it was not worth while to exalt the little amusements of social life into channels for irritation.

"Perhaps Lucy is right," said the old man. "She doesn't care for leaping, and I do not. I was mad enough in my young days, but now—"

"There's not likely to be a leap worth the name in to-morrow's run," interposed Trevor Pole, junior. For which speech his guests and companion courtiers could have broken him upon the wheel, for why not, at least, make believe there were gallant things to be done?

"Unless they take the Mallet's Collar," put in Sir Trevor.

"That reminds me," said his son, "I met Archer Denison prowling about the Mallet's Collar this morning. I asked him here, sir."

A dead silence followed this speech. It was certain that Miss Fernham had looked up with a sudden change of countenance at the name young Pole uttered; but that might have been mere accident. Anyhow, there ran through the courtiers an instinctive feeling of jealousy and dislike to the new comer. Each one of them flattered himself that he was getting on so well with the heiress, and here was, at least, a possible rival. Had she known him before? What made her turn so pale when his name was mentioned? The evening had grown dull, and couldn't recover itself. Lord Charles was consigning Mr. Denison to a broken neck over the Mallet's Collar; Sir Harry Dedham anathematised him as a pushing bore; and little Brandt—so called because he measured some six feet three—apostrophised him as a conceited jackass.

Lord Charles Fairstairs smoked a good deal that night, enveloped in a wonderful suit of green velvet, slightly dimmed; but he only asked one question, viz.,

"Can he ride?"

To which Mr. Trevor Pole, as soon as he understood the pronoun, replied most satisfactorily,

"Who? Archer Denison? Not he. At least, I should say not. He's a capital fellow, and all that—but he's had a different training from ours. He's going in for an R.A., you know."

Altogether, I would not have given much for Archer Denison's chance, if his day's enjoyment had at all depended upon the new acquaintances to whom he was about to be introduced; but it did not. Sir Trevor Pole, standing at the breakfast-room window with a dog-whip in his hand the next morning, saw his new visitor sauntering about on the lawn with the two Fernhams, and he threw up the window in a temper.

"Why can't they mount?" he said to his son, who leaned against the window with a cigar in his mouth. "And why haven't you made the most of your chances there, Trevor? I can tell you I am hard enough pressed; and Lucy Fernham is worth winning, by all accounts, instead of leaving her to those dandies, and now bringing down this Denison to add to the number."

"And cut them all out," added young Pole through his teeth.

"I must give up the hounds," said the baronet.

"I shall be sorry for that."

"Lucy Fernham sings with you, rides with you, flirts—"

Trevor broke into a laugh, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. Now the baronet couldn't smoke himself, and hated tobacco, so he dew back a little, and said, peevishly,

"But if you addle your brains with a detestable narcotic the first thing in the morning, no wonder others get before you."

Trevor straightened himself and flung away his half-finished cigar.

"Lucy Fernham doesn't flirt, sir; that's a mistake. She condescends to let a fellow weary her. I believe Denison is an old acquaintance—knew her when she was poor, and that sort of thing. It doesn't matter whom she marries, however, since it certainly won't be me."

"Yet you might have a chance if we join forces for Italy, which we are sure to do. I shall go to economize."

"So does Mr. Fernham," said Trevor, with a laugh.

The baronet laughed too.

"See that our economy isn't after his fashion, that's all. I can't afford it. Here comes Gladiator; you take care of him, Trevor; he's too good for you."

"I'll take care," replied Trevor, nodding to the compliment.

Once fairly on the road, Mr. Denison fell back from his place at Lucy's side, and kept behind. He knew that he had been a good rider years ago; but he knew also that Miss Fernham had no idea whether he was or not, and he watched her rather curiously. At first she rode on indifferently enough; but at a point which brought the Cross Roads in sight, she just turned her head and gave one glance at his general appearance.

"I'd give something to know what she thinks of it," said Mr. Denison to himself. "Not that it matters to me though."

And there were the hounds dotted about amongst the yellow gorse, and the horsemen lighting it up with bits of vivid scarlet, which it is the fashion to call pink—and on the horizon to the right the long, low coast line of dull red sand; and in front the purple moor.

"It's worth coming to see," said Sir Trevor. "Take my advice, Miss Fernham, and follow the hunt. It won't take you into any mischief to-day."

Somebody interrupted him to ask a question about the earthstoppers, and when he turned round again Lucy was in front with her uncle and Archer Denison.

"I thought Trevor said he couldn't ride," muttered the baronet. "He shouldn't have had the bay if I had known."

But whatever Lucy meant to do, Mr. Denison had no intention of being in at the death. At the first check he found himself still close to the Fernhams, and looking on while some dozen horsemen craned their necks over a fence in front. One by one they reached the weakest point, looked, and rode on. Mr. Denison saw Lucy watching them with a gleam of expectation that faded into something like actual sadness as each one turned away.

"I'll do this one leap," he thought; "and then go home."

"Use the snaffle," said Mr. Fernham, who was looking at him; "not the curb. The old bay is plucky, but I've ridden her and know her tricks. She'll swerve at the whip and answer to the spur."

Archer nodded and took the leap. After this the hunt saw no more of him. He turned the plucky old bay, much against the equine will, and rode slowly home. He got his sketch-book, and wandered off along the shore and over the rocks, till the sun began to sink, and the sound of the sea to get fainter as it crept away. He was thinking of many things: of his profession and its greatness; of the hollowness of the world and the poor pitiful dreams which after all only mock us with their false coloring. And turning suddenly round a sharp rock he found himself face to face with Lucy Fernham, and stopped.

At first they stood looking at each other without a word; then something came over Archer Denison which he could not control; a sort of brief madness, it seemed to him afterwards, and he put out his hand and said softly, "Lucy!"

She just looked at him and sat down on a big boulder, covering her face.

"Don't, Archer! It's like the sound of the sea on Gwyneth's Head. Oh, how I wish I was back again!"

"Back again where, Lucy?"

"In the dear old cottage with my aunt—my duenna, as you used to call her, you naughty boy! But I forgot," said Lucy, getting up with a forlorn resumption of her dignity, "I am Miss Fernham, and you are Mr. Denison. Richard isn't himself any more. I feel like the little girl in 'Punch,' Archer. The world is hollow, and my doll stuffed with sawdust; so, if you please, I'd like to be a nun."

Archer might have laughed at the plaintiveness of the poor little unthroned queen, but he saw Mr. Fernham at a little distance; and so he said, hastily,

"Lucy, you called me a naughty boy just now. Think me a boy, if you will; your brother, for instance. I want to know if you are aware what you are doing; if you understand all these devoted slaves of yours?"

"I understand that they want my money," said Lucy, simply.

"And since they cannot all have it, may an old friend ask which is the favored one?"

Lucy was silent a little, and then she said—

"I am very miserable, Archer."

"Why?"

"Because I have learned to doubt. If any one is kind to me I think at once it is 'money.' It's very shocking, I know, but I can't help it. I cannot believe in any one. Now what do you think of me? I am worldly, of course, and you give me up. This is another thing the hateful money has done for me."

"Lucy," said Archer, "when you and I picked mosses in the Kentish woods last May you were as poor as I was."

"Well."

"Well. Things are changed. I do not give you up; it is the other way. I am poor. Are you quite certain that this universal doubt of yours would never, in any case, touch me?"

The painful red came up into Lucy's face.

"I—I am sure of nothing, I believe. How can I be sure?"

"Good-bye!" said Archer.

"Not yet. Not in that way, Archer! Consider; my lesson has been 'Non e vero' so long, and I have learnt it so well!"

"Good-bye!" repeated Archer.

"At least we are friends?"

Archer could not answer, for Mr. Fernham had come up; and shaking off a rather odd, foreign-looking individual with a polite "Poste restante, Napoli, for the next fortnight; afterwards Rome," and speaking a few matter-of-fact words to the artist, he walked off with his niece.

At the drive gate he paused.

"You have known this Mr. Denison before, Lucy?"

"Yes."

"But then he is poor."

"He is—"

A half smile on her uncle's lip checked her.

"Never mind," said Mr. Fernham. "He is a phœnix, no doubt. But, Lucy, I did not bring you away from Gwyneth's Head to give you to a struggling artist."

It was on Lucy's lips to say, "I wish you had left me there," but she refrained.

"Listen to me," proceeded Mr. Fernham. "I have put you in a position to choose for yourself. Choose well, if possible; at any rate choose. I want to see you married before I—die."

The word came with difficulty; it was hateful to him; it embodied the sublime climax of that suffering from which all his life he had sought to escape.

"However," he finished, "we will talk no more of it now. See, there are the lights springing up. Let us go in."

Archer Denison, glancing towards Lucy that night, went off into a fit of abstract contemplation of the girl who had sat on a big boulder, only a few hours ago, and covered her face. It was altogether different now; she was holding her court; far away above him; bestowing her favors with tolerable equality upon Lord Charles, Sir Harry, and Colonel Brandt; Trevor Pole looking darkly on. For Mr. Denison she had not a word; and he could not know that she would go to her room with a sore heart when it was all over, to look out towards the sea creeping back again, and cry for the days that were dead.

CHAPTER II.

BY LAGO D'AGNANO.

"Let us go into the country somewhere, uncle. This is too like the Ladies' Mile; only for the flowers."

Mr. Fernham had taken rooms on a breezy prime piano, professing always to economize, and keeping the joke up with immense enjoyment. He had escorted the untravelled English girl among the lions with praiseworthy industry; amply repaid, as he told her, by the sight of her fresh enjoyment. They had been through Castellamare to Sorrento and "done" Tasso's house; they had walked the paved streets of Pompeii, heard all about the skeleton of the priest before his altar, with the sacrificial knife still in the bony fingers—seen the fountains in mosaic; the temples and the great amphitheatre, which young Trevor Pole said made him wonder if his horse Gladiator was being properly attended to. They had submitted to be half choked with sulphurous clouds at the top of Vesuvius, and had inspected the "Devil's kitchen." For Lucy's sake Mr. Fernham had even mounted again the hundreds of steps to St. Elmo and San Martino—and now he was riding, rather wearily, if the truth must be told, beside her in the Villa Reale, watching the carriages creep on, three abreast, and the exaggerated "swelldom" of the exquisites who rode at a snail's pace beside them. And with the Fernhams there was the Redfield party over again; the English milord Charles, the little soldier, and the baronet. No one knew why they had all fancied Naples at this peculiar time; each of them agreed that it was "odd;" and each of them sneered at the others for persevering idiots who had no chance.

"I'll tell you where we'll go," said Mr. Fernham, suddenly. "Lucy, we'll drive to-morrow to—"

Lucy, bringing her sunny head so close that it almost touched his white one, whispered, "Hush! I don't want these men. We'll go alone; you and I."

And they went alone, along the coast to Baiæ, Pozzuoli, and the smoking Solfatara; till Mr. Fernham, suddenly putting his hand into his breast-pocket, said, "My dear, I forgot; here is a letter for you. You shall read it here, by the little Lake d'Agnano—it's pretty, is it not?—and I'll go away while you enjoy it. I wanted to see this place once again; to say good-bye to it," he added, looking at her with an odd mixture of melancholy and jest. "Lucy, I have hated suffering all my life, but I did not suffer here, once, and up there amongst the trees there is a memento of it."

At another time Lucy might have puzzled herself a little over this speech; but she held her letter in her hand, and knew that the writing was Archer Denison's. While she read it; while two tears gathered in her eyes, but never fell; while the beautiful little lake was blurred, and its emerald setting a dismal mass, Lucy went back a year of her life, blotting out the interval with that passionate despair which is so vain and so intolerable. Archer had sent her only a few foolish verses, but they sounded to her like a farewell for ever. Moreover they came from Gwyneth's Head; and she knew that he must have seen the letter which she had written to her aunt in the first flush of her pleasure in the scenes which already were beginning to weary her. Angry that he should have seen this; angry with him, with herself, with everybody, she read the lines again, thinking that she would tear them up into small bits and fling them into the lake:—

"So orange and myrtle are fair for you,
And your northern eye can gaze
On a wave half dark with shimmering blue,
Half steeped in a golden haze.
And your cup is filled to the brim, you say,
Filled with life's sweetest wine;
Thus I take from your hand, so far away,
A sting you cannot divine,
For your sun-lit wave creeps chilly and slow
To break on a northern shore;
I would it had parted us long ago
For ever and evermore.

"Your dreams are amongst the clustering vine
That fringes some southern bay;
Shall I tell you now what I see in mine
As I read your words to-day?
The shadows that fall from a feathery tree,
On a Kentish lawn to play,
That are touching your cheek so tenderly
With the softest kiss of May.
But when I see it, dull grows my pen,
And weary my heart, and sore;
And I wish the wave had parted us then
For ever and evermore.

"Your hair is touched with the glimmering gold
As the shadows come and go;
Like memory's light on a story told
In the twilight, long ago.
From the dear, dear life that was all a dream,
I turn to your words again;
And my heart, where sweet lay the golden gleam,
Grows chill with a sudden pain.
For the wave is between us now, you say,
Since the fair May dream is o'er;
I would it had swept us apart that day
For ever and evermore."

"Well, Lucy, you have been long enough over it. I hope it's a proposal."

Lucy folded her paper with wonderful calmness, considering that a moment before she had meant to tear it up and throw it into the lake.

"No, uncle."

A shadow passed over Geoffry Fernham's face. There were few of his acquaintances and enviers who would not have started back aghast from the thoughts and speculations which had occupied him during that solitary stroll. It was not his habit, however, to indulge in unpleasant reflections, so he shook them off and said, good-humoredly, "Lucy, I wish you would make up your mind. Here are four suitors at your feet; honorable, true men, holding good positions. They may not be very clever, but what of that? They are average. I was considered above that, and what has my cleverness done for me? I shall go out of the world without the regret of a single soul. Mind, I am not mourning over this. My object has been to enjoy to the very full all that life could offer, and I have done so. The question is not concerning me, however, but you. These gentlemen are all in love with you, Lucy."

"With your heiress, sir," said Lucy, involuntarily.

Mr. Fernham smiled—a very odd smile, that somehow seemed to give a ghastly look to his face.

"At any rate they are my friends. They are going on with me to Rome. I should like you to be civil to them."

"I will be civil to them."

"I wish you would like Lord Charles. He's a very good sort of fellow. Try, Lucy. Hitherto, you have done nothing but queen it, but that cannot go on. I have motives for wishing to see you settled. Give Lord Charles a chance, my dear."

Lucy did not answer, but she crushed Archer Denison's envelope into her pocket rather savagely. Yes, she would be civil to her uncle's friends. After all, he had some right to complain of her. She would forget all about her past life and the little cottage at Gwyneth's Head; and as to Archer, it was worse than childish to wear a sore heart for a man who openly declared that he wished they had never met.

So Lucy tutored herself into subjection and tried to like Lord Charles. He was good-natured and attentive; she could not help seeing that her will was law to him.

She wanted to get to Rome in time for the Easter splendor, and he managed this for her. He even went with her to hear the music in the Sistine Chapel, and the first Miserere in St. Peter's, though he hated music, and couldn't see the use of being made miserable by such melancholy sounds; and on Easter-Day he, constitutionally an indolent man, submitted to stand from eight o'clock till twelve in St. Peter's, to hear the Pope celebrate High Mass. Lucy might have seen the hopeless weariness in his face if she had thought of him, but she did not. From the blast of silver clarions which heralded the Pope's entrance, to the moment when the papal troops drew up in the Piazza outside, under the balcony from which the benediction was to be pronounced, she forgot all about her companions.

As for my lord, he never spoke to her; the dead silence of so dense a throng had something awful about it to him; and when the cannon sounded from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the seventy or eighty thousand kneeling figures rose up after the Pope's blessing, he, stolid Englishman as he was, almost joined in the huzzas that followed, so great was his relief that the thing was over. It was at this moment that Lucy, starting from him, uttered a sudden cry,

"Archer, Archer—I am so glad!"

She checked herself at once, but Lord Charles had heard; had recognized that "snob" of an artist, and seen his face light up.

"Are you glad?" said Archer. "So am I then. It's a strange place to meet in, is it not?"

He was holding her hand still, and Lucy, hardly knowing what to do, turned with a slight gesture of introduction to Lord Charles.

"How de do, Mr.—ah—Denail?" said his lordship. "Impressive sight, I suppose. Can't say I care very much for it, myself. Stage trickery, rather."

"You will call, Archer," broke in Lucy, hastily. "We are on the Piazza di Spagna, and—"

"Thank you, but I'm afraid I must be a very unsocial animal just now. I am going to shut myself up and work hard; harder than such happy fellows as you, my lord, know anything about."

Lucy swallowed the little sting of pain, anger, and self-contempt, as best she could.

"Well," she said, indifferently, "I dare say you are right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

My lord, walking sulkily by Lucy's side, made a solemn resolution that before the day was over he would have his answer, let it be what it might. Months afterwards he used to reflect what a lucky chance it was for him that Miss Fernham turned restive on the score of propriety, and insisted on dragging poor meek Lady Pole with her to the evening illumination of St. Peter's.

Mr. Fernham had been out all day, no one knew where. He came in before they started, and went straight up to his niece, drawing her on one side.

"Settle it with my lord to-night, Lucy."

He spoke in such a strange tone that she looked up at him and started at the dead whiteness of his face.

"You are ill," she said. "I will not go out."

He laughed.

"I never was ill in my life. Don't you take fancies, Lucy, but go, and come back to me—that is, come back to-night Lady Charles Fairstairs elect."

But Lucy was both tired and excited, and in no mood to take any notice of my lord's efforts to draw her into a confidential dialogue. There was, or she thought there was, something oppressive in the air; and she will never again think of that broad temple of fire against the starless sky without the shudder of a nameless terror creeping over her. She was haunted all the time by the strange white face that had looked down at her and laughed; and she was glad when Lady Pole confessed to being tired, and they turned homewards.

Lucy did not know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid. When she had said good-night to Lady Pole, and seen her walk away with my lord, she stopped a moment to still the unusual beating of her heart, and to tell herself that it was the heat, and the fatigue, and the excitement of the day. Then she went into her own room to take off her bonnet; and from thence to the drawing-room. No one was there. A small pan of coals smouldered on a tripod on one table; for Mr. Fernham was chilly in spite of the warm weather. A taper still burnt upon a smaller table; and there was a smell of sealing-wax in the room. Going up to this latter table she saw a neat pile of papers tied together and labelled; and near them a note addressed to herself, in her uncle's hand.

Still fighting off that strange terror of she knew not what, Lucy broke this open, and read it.

"My Dear Lucy—I have been a consistent man all my life. When I took you from your aunt I promised to leave you all I had. So I do; and it is—nothing.

"There is only enough to pay my debts. I have had money, and have used it—to purchase every good thing which the world could sell. I saw you when my popularity was a little failing; and I adopted you, as the phrase is, for three reasons. I should thereby regain importance, experience a novel sensation, and make a good match for my niece. If I have not done this last, it has been your fault, not mine. And my money is gone. I thought it would have lasted longer, but it is gone. I have always determined that when life could no more give me the full measure to which I am accustomed, I would know no meaner portion. I would *cease to be*. If you have neglected your chances with Lord Charles, and wilfully thrown him over, I cannot help it. I have still done you no harm. And in that case go back to your mother's sister; you are no worse off than the girl whom I took away and to whom I have given at least one brilliant year in her life. Good-bye. I am about to lock myself into my room. You need take no steps. I have borne about with me for years the means of a death, painless—even luxurious—and certain.

"Your uncle, now—when you read this, no one!"

In the morning all Rome was talking about the Piazza di Spagna, and the English milord who was rich and yet not rich; who had destroyed himself. And in a fortnight's time, before Lucy had recovered from the shock of the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her, there lay on her table three of the thinnest possible bits of pasteboard, with "P. P. C." scrawled at the bottom of each. Out of the four faithful and devoted knights, only Trevor Pole had asked permission to see her, and offer her his clumsy sympathy and his good-bye in person. And day after day in sore bitterness and desolation there came up in Lucy's heart the thought that surely Archer Denison would write or come to her before she left Rome.

But Archer was at the Cafe Greco, absorbed in his studies; and if fragments of the nine days' wonder reached him, he caught no names and took no notice. When he did hear what had happened, it was too late.

CHAPTER III.

WHERE THE WAVE BREAKS WILDEST.

On Gwyneth's Head, cold, desolate and beautiful; a dark mass with a granite face on its summit; the lines sharp cut; the stone lips compressed with a sort of strain upon them; the whole face bent forward in an attitude of watching. And the autumn wind was freshening; the waves lashing themselves up before it, dull yellow on the coast, green and olive green farther out. Many a boat had been stove in; many a fisherman had gone to his long home here, under the calm face that never changed and never rested from its watching. The old people who had lived in the little town before it grew into the quiet, aristocratic watering-place, told the story of the granite face with unquestioning faith. It was Gwyneth, a fisherman's wife, who had gone out to watch through the stormy night for her husband's boat, and had never come back again, but watched there for ever, turned to stone by the sight of the broken boat on the rocks below.

In these later days a little lantern-shaped turret stood on Gwyneth's Head; and when the warning lights shone out at night, the lowest of them just touched the stone face here and there, like the white lights of a painter.

They were lighted now, though it was daylight and they could do but little good. And below the rock, close to the pier, a crowd had gathered—a silent crowd, almost immovable, except for the glasses that were passed from hand to hand and the occasional half-smothered exclamation. This crowd was watching the steamer from L——; and apart from it, on a seat sheltered a little by the cliff, there were two ladies watching also. The vessel had been at first only a dark speck upon the waves, but she was fighting her way nearer. The men on the pier said that she was nearer, certainly; that there was a chance for her. If she could only make out the lights on Gwyneth's Head and keep clear of the rocks, there was a chance for her; but how she rolled and pitched! and what madness to start in the teeth of such foul-weather signs!

"I am glad there's no one belonging to me in that vessel," said the elder of the two ladies on the seat. "Have you had enough of it, Lucy?"

Lucy Fernham turned her eyes for one moment from the sea like some one in a dream.

"Do you want to go home, Aunt Rachel?"

"Why," said the old lady, dryly, "it's not the very gentlest breeze in the world, my dear."

At this juncture some one offered Lucy a glass, which she took eagerly.

"There seems to be a good many on board," said the owner of this, steadying it for her. "One may almost distinguish faces."

So one may. Lucy, giving back the glass, said to her companion, quietly,

"There *is* some one belonging to you there. Let us stay, Aunt Rachel."

The old lady looked at her niece and refrained from questioning. Lucy was odd—the result probably of that shock in Italy from which she had never recovered.

As for Lucy, when the glass was once more offered to her she did not even see it. She saw nothing outwardly but the waves that leaped up on Gwyneth's Head, and fell back in spray into the boiling caldron beneath; and mixed up with this, like a confused dream, there came the May-day in Kent; the meeting on the sands at Redfield, when she sent him away; the vast kneeling crowd in the piazza outside of St. Peter's, and a white-haired old man in a balcony uttering the Easter benediction. If she could but have had but a small part of her life back again! But now it was too late; he would never know how true she had been in reality to her old faith in him; and here, underneath the lights on Gwyneth's Head, was to be the end of all!

"Lucy, wake up! There's no danger now."

A great shout rose up from the hitherto silent crowd; there was a swaying to and fro towards the wooden steps of the landing-stage; a policeman or two to keep off the press; and a few moments after that, a voice she had thought never to hear again was speaking to her, and a hand whose touch somehow brought back the Kentish lawn was holding her own.

They did not talk much. The wind howled after them, and the roar and slush of the mad sea on the shingle would have drowned any voice of ordinary pitch. But Aunt Rachel was a discreet old lady; once within the familiar room at the little cottage, she turned to Archer Denison, putting on her spectacles and looking him over as if he had been a natural curiosity, and said—

"So you have been hunting everywhere for the runaway! What simpletons men are, to be sure. As if the Poles, or any such people, would care about her now! But, Archer, she isn't satisfied with Gwyneth now. She wants to go gallivanting off as governess. It's all a pretence, I know. She has had a taste of grand life, and wants more. But there, I'll go away. See if you can make her hear reason."

Archer Denison sat silent for a minute looking at the lights which he had once thought he never should reach.

"Old Gwyneth gave me a rough welcome," he said. "You didn't think I was in the boat, Lucy?"

"I didn't think about it. I knew. Some one gave me a glass, and I saw you."

"Were you frightened?"

She hesitated a little, and then said, "No."

"I don't believe you; I won't. You know why I didn't come to you in Rome? You got my letter last week?"

"Yes, I had your letter."

"What is all this about governessing? You used to be happy enough with Aunt Rachel."

"That is no reason why I should be a burthen upon her. I am older now, and I am able—"

"Yes, a valiant woman. Will you come and be a burthen upon me, Lucy?"

Lucy answered, readily enough, "No, I will not."

But he only laughed.

"I am not afraid of you now. You were almost my promised wife before they made an heiress of you, and nearly spoilt a good man's life—that's mine, you know. But you cannot doubt me now; there's nothing to doubt about: no motive but the old one. I'm not so very poor, Lucy, and am rich in hope. What do you say?"

"Well, have you settled it?" inquired the spectacles round the door.

"Yes," replied Mr. Denison.

"And she is not going to be a governess amongst the pomps and vanities?"

"No; she is going to marry a man of genius; to be great sometime. And we are not going to travel about any more just now. When we go to Italy next you shall go with us, Aunt Rachel; but for the present—this is a very aristocratic place, you know, in the season—we shall be content to settle down under Gwyneth's warning lights."

Saved by a Walrus.

Captain Graves, of the whaleship Junior, was a young man without caution. In the year 1850 he remained so long in the Arctic Ocean that some of the men who had shipped for the voyage, and all those who had shipped for the cruise, grumbled, and threatened to "knock off" duty.

The latter party—a rough set of beach-combers—had put down their names on the book for only six months' service in the Junior, whereas more than seven months had now passed since their agreement.

The captain endeavored to appease them by stating that he would pay them double wages for the extra time, but finding that this did not have the desired effect, he became furiously angry.

One morning, perceiving that they did not jump with alacrity to obey an order, he called for his pistols. Armed with these, he rushed among the discontented men, threatening to shoot the first who should refuse to "pull his pound," which means to pull as hard as one can.

A man behind the captain now struck him such a blow upon the wrists that both pistols dropped from his grasp.

He turned, however, as the weapons exploded, and, picking up a handspike, dashed straight at the whole gang of beach-combers. His courage saved his life. The mutinous crew, respecting him for his bravery, contented themselves with throwing him down and tying his hands behind his back.

Meanwhile the officers stood looking on, not one of them offering to interfere. To tell the plain truth, these men were as anxious for the captain to put about, and were quite as discontented as the rebels. They made no objection when the beach-combers conveyed their prisoner below, and proclaimed the first mate—a man who, for many days, had endeavored to persuade the captain to leave the Arctic—commander of the craft.

The mate at once crowded canvas on the ship, to take advantage of a wind blowing directly toward the Straits.

The crew obeyed every order promptly, and in the course of a few weeks the snow-covered shores on each side of the narrow passage were sighted. As the ship drew nearer, however, the joy which had lighted every face gave way to a gloomy feeling almost akin to despair; for it was now discovered that the Straits were completely blocked up by the ice.

The mate kept the vessel off and on for several days, hoping that some passage might be afforded him by the loosening of the crystal masses; but he was disappointed. In fact, the ice became more closely packed every day, and the crew felt obliged to make up their minds to pass the winter in the Arctic.

The provisions having run short, and scurvy having already appeared among them, a gloomy future seemed in store for them. To add to their suffering from the increasing cold and from hunger, their vessel was struck by a huge block of ice, and they were obliged to keep the pumps going night and day to prevent the ship from sinking.

Almost worn down with fatigue, they were endeavoring one evening to pump the ship dry and stop up the leak, when they were boarded by more than a hundred dusky natives, clad in skins, and led by a chief of gigantic stature. Before the crew could suspect their design, the savages made a furious attack with their spears and clubs upon all hands, slaughtered more than a dozen, took the rest prisoners, and then proceeded to plunder the ship. The captain, fastened up in the run, guessed what was going on. He could hear the splashing of the dead bodies, as they were thrown into the sea, and the expostulating voices of the survivors as they were thrust like dogs into the canoes alongside. Then followed the sound of bales, boxes and barrels—being rapidly hauled up from the hold—together with that of the natives' teeth, crunching through hard sea biscuits and beef bones. The wild robbers were evidently making short work of the scanty stock of provisions remaining in the vessel.

As already mentioned, Captain Graves was a man without caution. He decided quickly and always without reflection. Now he concluded, at once, to prevent their plundering the ship. Lighting one of the matches he carried in his pocket, he crawled along some distance and set fire to a large bunch of oakum in one corner. As might be imagined, the ship was soon in flames, and the captain was nearly suffocated with smoke. Picking up a handspike, however, he contrived, with much trouble, to dash upon the hatch above him. By this opening he entered the state-room, and thence made his way to one of the cabin windows, through which he crawled, dropping into one of the native's canoes beneath him. The owner of the little vessel entered it at the same moment, and a desperate struggle took place between the two men. The young captain, weakened by confinement, was soon overpowered; and his huge adversary, having tied his hands and feet, carried him ashore in triumph. He was thrust into a small underground habitation, where he was left until morning, when the native returned with several companions, armed with fish-bone spears, and a few sharp hatchets procured from the ship. They evidently intended to chop the captain to pieces; in fact, one of them had already seized him by the hair of the head to commence the bloody business, when a low grunt of disapproval was heard, and in rushed a young woman of seventeen.

She was by no means a beauty. Her form was short and squat, her cheeks of huge dimensions, her skin tawny, and her nose and ears ornamented with great fish-bone rings. Nevertheless she had a soft heart, and at once threw herself between the captain and the would-be murderer.

After a while her shrill cries seemed to produce the intended effect upon her savage hearers. They thrust their hatchets into their belts, and at once walked out of the habitation.

The girl now contrived, in broken English, to make the captain understand by signs that she was the daughter of a chief, and that she was determined to save his life. She went on to state that her father tyrannized over her and abused her so much that she was anxious to leave him; that if the captain was willing to take her with him and make her his wife, she would show him the way to a French vessel, lying off the coast on the other side of the Straits.

Again the captain's want of caution and suavity made serious trouble for him. He frankly acknowledged to the girl that while very grateful to her for saving his life, he would sooner die than marry her.

Fury flashed from her eyes; she cut the cords that bound him and bade him go his own way, declaring that she knew he would lose himself among the ice hills and be frozen to death.

The captain hurried from her presence; but he had not proceeded a mile, when he fell in with a party of Esquimaux. These belonged to a different tribe from those who had attacked the ship. They held a consultation, and finally gave the captain to understand that they would convey him to the coast on the other side of the Straits, and conduct him to the French whaling vessel, provided he would persuade the captain of that craft to give them some cloth.

With his usual frankness, Graves stated that he did not know whether the Frenchman would consent or not; he did not think he *would*, as whalers do not generally have much cloth to spare.

Perhaps the Esquimaux did not fully comprehend him; certain it is that they conducted him to the coast, fed him sumptuously on seal and walrus flesh, and were about conveying him to the whaler—distant a couple of leagues—when a party of the savages who had attacked the Juniors appeared and demanded the prisoner.

The cowardly Esquimaux were on the point of surrendering him, when Graves, guessing their intention, leaped into a seal-skin boat lying near the beach, and commenced paddling off with all his might. His enemies, springing into another boat, started in pursuit and rapidly gained upon him. As the boats flew, the evil-eyed walruses, with their long tusks depending from their jaws, came up on all sides of them. In their fright, some of these creatures, swimming in zigzag directions, would strike against the light vessel before going down. The sight of them, and a seal-skin line attached to a harpoon in the bow of the boat, suggested a happy thought to Captain Graves, when his pursuers were within a few fathoms of him. This was to fasten to one of the walruses, which he knew would then tow him with such rapidity that he would soon distance his enemies.

A huge walrus came up right ahead of his boat; so, steadying himself, he at once drove the harpoon into the creature's body. The animal sounded, and away went the seal-skin boat with lightning-like rapidity!

The pursuing natives yelled with baffled rage, for, the other walruses swimming away from them in their fright, the savages could not imitate the example of the fugitive.

The course taken by the animal to which Graves was fastened, was at right angles with the ship. He was finally seen by that vessel's lookouts, and a boat was lowered to pick him up. When he was taken aboard, his enemies were several miles astern, and the carcass of the harpooned walrus was floating shoreward.

The captain was kindly treated, and eventually arrived home. Not one of his unfortunate crew—the men of the ill-fated Junior—could ever be discovered.

Words and Their Uses.

Marry.—There has been not a little discussion as to the use of this word, chiefly in regard to public announcements of marriage. The usual mode of making the announcement is—Married, John Smith to Mary Jones. Some people being dissatisfied with this form, of late years we have seen in certain quarters—Married, John Smith *with* Mary Jones, and in others—John Smith *and* Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. We know, indeed, what is meant by one of them; but the same is true of hundreds and thousands of erroneous uses of languages. Properly speaking, a man is not married to a woman, or married with her; nor a man and a woman married with each other. The woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged, in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except, indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house, and bears his name—still more should she not bear his name—it is the woman who is married to the man. In speaking of the ceremony it is proper to say that he married her (*duxit in matrimonium*) and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and the proper form of announcement is—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith. The etymology of the word agrees entirely with the conditions of the act which it expresses. To marry is to give, or to be given, to a husband, *mari*.

Help Meet.—It is *apropos* of the foregoing article to remark upon the common absurd use of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife. They are frequently printed with a hyphen, as a compound word; and there is your man who thinks it at once tender, respectful, biblical, and humorous to speak of his wife as his help-meet. And this merely because in Genesis we are told that man was given in woman a help who was meet, fit, suitable for him. "I will make him an help meet for him;" not "I will make a helpmeet for him." Our biblical friend might as well call his "partner" his help-fit, or help-proper. That this protest is not superfluous, even as regards people of education, may be seen by the following sentence in a work—and one of ability, too—on the English language: "Heaven gave Eve, as a help-meet, to Adam." Here the hyphen and the change of the preposition from *for to to*, leave no doubt as to the nature of the blunder, which is lamentable and laughable. And yet Matthew Harrison, the author of the work in which it appears, is not only a clergyman of the Church of England, but Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.—*Galaxy*.

☞ Half a cranberry on a corn will kill it.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for this year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums *(in all respects)* as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

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☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

LONG AGO.

One summer eve, long, long ago,
We two were walking hand in hand,
Where soft waves wandered to and fro,
Lapping the pearly, glittering sand.
Behind us lay green meadows, starred
With clover bloom, far down the len,
Before us, flushed and emerald-barred,
The restless, panting, white-haired sea.

What wonder when love's witchery came,
And touched with fire our glowing lips,
E'en as the ruby sunset's flame
Lit up the far-off gliding ships—
That we should clasp our golden dream,
And think it must for ever last—
How could we know 'twas but a gleam
Of silvery pinions flitting past?

Middle-Class Living in England.

"An Old Married Man" writes to the London Telegraph:—

"Well educated, and brought up as a gentleman, I married, early in life (twenty-one,) a young lady I had known several years, my equal in every respect, and as far as we could then judge there was a fair chance of our being happy. That we have not been so, we both agree, after thirty years' experience, is no fault of ours, but the want of means. My income has varied, sometimes being £300 and sometimes £300 per annum. But in consequence of having a family, it has always been genteel poverty—a state of existence requiring much philosophy to bear without a murmur.

"At first the question, I believe, was whether it is advisable for a person moving in respectable society to marry a lady of his own stamp, their incomes being together about £150 per annum. As to what two persons with what they deem to be necessary for their comfort, are able to live on, is purely a matter of calculation; but my experience of married life brings me to the decided conclusion that for two persons to endeavor to live 'respectably' on £150 per annum is impossible in London. I will not take up your room with my calculations, but food and rent, etc., absorb that sum, and although a 'happy pair' may forego every luxury and do without amusements that cost money, still in time clothes have to be replaced, and if a family comes, expenses increase wonderfully. My wife has aided me in every way she could by economizing, and with my daughters doing such fancy work as they could obtain. I have no expensive habits; I never smoke, do not wear kid gloves, and seldom ride.

"We keep no company, and never have wine, and yet we find it almost impossible to provide everything necessary for a family to live respectably on £200 or £300 per annum; and whenever any extraordinary expense occurs, such as illness or death, the expense puts us to great inconvenience. I am a clerk, and more than once have been out of employment; immediately great troubles have ensued. Still I consider marriage a natural obligation, and if discreetly entered into it leads to much happiness; but when the income is small, both parties must make up their minds to fall several steps in social position; and whether young ladies and young men of the present day have fortitude enough to bear the privation of the luxuries and expensive habits which they have hitherto enjoyed whilst the one has been expending the whole of his income on himself and the other has been provided for by her parents, I am not disposed to deal with; but unless they do, very few can find the marriage state a happy one, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a home is rendered unhappy by insufficient means, and as a family grows up another source of unhappiness arises, in consequence of the children being dissatisfied, and seeking society from home."

☞ A Wisconsin paper publishes an appeal by a young lady for a situation as teacher, in which she says:—"I was educated in one of our leading female seminaries, and have my certificates, and so feel it my duty to teach somewheres, and if you can assist me, please rite and let me no, and ile get redy at oncet."

☞ "Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done that *they* blush so?"

Japanese Women.

The Japanese women are as fair of skin as most Europeans, and are well formed, their arms, hands and feet being well moulded.

Were it not for their awkward manner of walking, owing to their sandals, they would be graceful. When sitting and conversing, the movements of their hands and arms are particularly so.

Their abundant black and rather coarse hair is bound up in thick masses at the back of the head, and a number of little arrows, made of gold, silver or ivory, are passed through it, something in the same manner as with the peasant girls on the Rhine.

Their coiffure once made, and the hair plastered with wax, it remains untouched for many days, care being taken not to disorder it in sleep.

The teeth are an object of much attention; the young girls and the men have them white and even; the married women still even, but glossy black.

Brushes, made of soft wood, and a fine powder, are used to keep them white, but the picture of an old woman, with her kanibox before her, blackening her teeth, is one of the most disgusting sights a stranger can look on.

Many girls also blacken their teeth, but the substance with which they do it is not very durable, as I have seen a brush and a little powder make them white and glistening again in a few minutes.

The women also extract their eyelashes, paint their lips and cheeks with safflower (rouge,) and use rice-powder extensively in their toilet.

Altogether, the Japanese men and women, if not strictly beautiful, have much that is agreeable, and certainly original.

The young of both sexes are remarkably pleasing—ruddy, laughing, and very graceful in their actions; but though a young girl be like an angel at fourteen, she will be worn out, old and ugly at twice that age.

A Chinese Widow.

A passenger from San Francisco to Hong Kong describes a disconsolate widow that was among the Chinese passengers, of whom there were some twelve or fifteen. She had resided in California for fifteen years, had accumulated about twenty thousand dollars, and having lost her husband by death, was returning to China to abide for the future with her friends and kinsmen. She was about forty years of age, good-looking, when considered from a Chinese standpoint, and, being rich, would doubtless be considered a good catch by her countrymen. She had the bones of the "dear departed" polished after the Chinese style, boxed in a camphor-wood trunk, and was taking them to the flowery kingdom, in order that they might be deposited in the Joss House, alongside those of his ancestors.

Every day she would descend to the hold of the vessel where the remains were stowed, and spend an hour or two with the skeleton, muttering a mixed sort of prayer, while tears streamed from her eyes. Her mummeries concluded, she would come upon deck, smoke her cigar, laugh and chatter with her countrywomen, as if she were the most light-hearted person in the world. One day, after she had terminated her hour's penance over the dry bones of her skeleton husband, I asked her, writes the correspondent, why she said her prayers over him daily, and was not a little astonished to hear her reply, "Me likee to fools Chinaman; he tinkee me likee husband belly much; then maybe bime by me get another one. My husband in boxee belly good man, he belly dry and no stinkee." I felt that human nature was the same the world over, and therefore asked no more questions.

A Serenade Story by a Sufferer.

I don't believe in serenades unless the performers go home before twelve o'clock. I remember sympathizing with the feeling which induced a man who lived at the Burnet House in Cincinnati, to try to put a stop to serenades, though he did it in such a fashion as might have been dangerous. All the celebrities travelling West, put up at the Burnet House, consequently they average about three serenades a week. I don't remember what this particular serenade was about, but there was a great crowd outside listening, and the encores were fast and furious, when smash amongst the crowd fell a piece of crockery, followed by another piece, and still another. The gentleman had commenced with his tooth mug, and followed up by pitching down every piece of crockery he could find in his room. The night was dark, and the torches of the musicians did not give light enough to show where the insult came from, so as to punish the perpetrator; therefore, some one of the crowd called out, "Set fire to the house," and in less time than it takes to tell the story, the house was filled with the mob, many of them carrying lighted torches. This was serious, and there was great difficulty in getting them out again, it was, however, at last accomplished, and the next day the proprietors offered one hundred dollars reward to any one who would point out the offender, but nobody turned evidence and the thing died out.

"Standing the Shot."

One of our exchanges has a sensible article against the system in vogue of paying for each other on all occasions of amusements or in restaurants. In Europe, on all such occasions, it is as much a matter of pride for a gentleman to pay for himself as it is when he buys a new coat or a pair of boots. One gentleman no more thinks of paying for another than he would think of giving him a piece of money or buying him a pair of gloves. It would be insulting to him. If we consider it a sign of hospitality to pay for a friend, when we happen to accompany him to a theatre or to a bar, why do we not consider it equally a sign of hospitality to insist on paying for his hat when we enter a store with him?

In Europe your friend buys tickets for both as a matter of convenience, and tells you the price of your ticket as he hands it to you, and you return him the money. In America you request a friend to buy you a pair of gloves or an umbrella or a necktie, while he is in the street. He does not hesitate to tell you its price, and to accept the money. It would be indelicate for him not to do so. If, however, you go to a theatre together, he hurries on before you, buys two tickets, and is insulted if you offer to pay your share. To do such a thing in Europe would be as indelicate as it would have been for him to have declined payment for the gloves, etc.

☞ In a fight, take your friend's part; at a feast, let him have it himself.

Precision in Business.

On a certain Saturday night the clerks of the Bank of England could not make the balance come out right by just one hundred pounds. This is a serious matter in that establishment—not the cash, but the discrepancy, however slight. An error in the balancing has been known to keep a delegation of clerks from each department at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry, therefore, was made after this one hundred pounds, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette as an insolvent for the want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning following, the clerk—in the middle of the sermon, perhaps—felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than a lightning flash. He told the chief cashier, on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam, and steam with a start of forty-eight hours. Instantly the wires asked whether such a vessel had "left the harbor." "Just weighing anchor," was the reply. "Stop her," frantically shouted the telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes, marked so and so, and weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one, the delinquent was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. "Let her go," says the mysterious telegraph. The West India folks were debited with just one hundred pounds more, and the error was corrected without looking into the boxes, or delaying the voyage an hour.

☞ A story is told of a young lady, a teacher at one of our Sabbath-schools, who one or two Sundays ago asked a youngster what was matrimony. He mistook the question for purgatory, and promptly answered, "A place or state of punishment in this life where some souls suffer for a time before they go to heaven."

"THE saddest grave
That ever tears keep green, must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world;
Then o'er it runs a road."

☞ "Short crops" are in vogue now for the hair. In Philadelphia, a man appeared with his hair cut so short that a fly alighting on it would have supposed himself crawling on a plush-covered piano-stool.

☞ A Berlin newspaper recently had a large sale. In fact, one merchant bought up the whole edition. It contained a notice of the betrothal of his daughter, which unfortunately had been annulled by the fickleness of that young woman after the paper had gone to press.

☞ A German theologian claims to have definitely ascertained that the number of devils is 44,434,556.

☞ A little girl having for the first time noticed her shoulder-blades, came running in one day, and said, "Oh, Aunt Mary, I guess I'll be an angel soon, for my wing bones are beginning to grow."

☞ Mr. A. J. Streeter, of St. Paul, Minnesota, recently arrived in Hartford, Conn., in a carriage drawn by two horses, which he had driven from St. Paul in seven weeks. He started, accompanied by his wife and children, but after coming part of the way, decided to have his wife and the children, with the exception of one son, take the cars. With this son he completed the journey. He remained two days, and then started for Cranston, R. I., his destination. His team, a span of four-year old colts, appeared stong and serviceable, though somewhat thin and jaded by their fifteen hundred mile drive. This is one of the most remarkable drives on record, especially in these days of steam.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. JAMES G. BARNWELL to Miss LIDIE G. ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 17th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. EDWARD M. BELKNAP to Miss EMMA L. TEST, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. DANIEL MOSER, of Reading, Pa., to Miss MARY E. GERHART, of this city.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. David Spencer, Mr. EDWIN HOWARD to Miss LAURA L., daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Jones, both of Manayunk.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. T. W. Maclary, Mr. ALEXANDER J. SHUSTER to Miss ANNIE MULLEN, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Charles L. Fisher, SAMUEL D. WEISER to Miss AMELIA D. BRAZER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, SARAH M. ARMINGTON, in her 46th year.

On the 17th instant, FELIX MERINO, of Madrid, Spain, in his 84th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. RICHARD F. JENNY, in his 81st year.

On the 17th instant, ELIZABETH HUNT, in her 71st year.

On the 16th instant, AMBROSE HANKINS, Jr., in his 29th year.

On the 16th instant, ISAAC ARMSTRONG, in his 74th year.

On the 16th instant, KATE C., daughter of John C. and M. Frederika Meyer, in her 21st year.

On the 15th instant, MARY GREENWALD, in her 71st year.

On the 15th instant, ISAAC LOUDENBACK, in his 22d year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very quiet. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls at $7,50@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@9,25 for extra; $9,50@11,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family; $10@12,50 for Penna and Ohio extra family, and $13@14,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; small sales are making at $8,5 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for prime Wheat. About 37,000 bus sold at $2,45@2,50 for prime red; $2,47@2,50 for Western and Southern amber; $2,25@2,45 for fair to good red, and $2,25@2,30 ₱ bus for common, according to quality; 1000 bus No 1 spring sold at $2,15@2,20, and small lots of white at $2,65@2,75 ₱ bus. Rye; 2000 bus sold at $1,50@1,60 for new, and $1,65@1,70 ₱ bus for old. Corn; about 20,000 bus sold at $1,25@1,28 for prime yellow, and $1,22@1,26 ₱ bus for Western mixed. Oats; about 45,000 bus sold at 70@75c for new Penna; 80@70c for Delaware, and 75@80c ₱ bus for old Penna, according to quality.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Sales of mess Pork at $20,50@20. Mess Beef sells at $27,50 for city packed family. Dried Beef sells at 21@22c. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 20@22c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17½@18c, and shoulders at 14½@14¾. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 19@20c; shoulders at 12½c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs western at 18½@19c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 35@36c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17@18c, an advance. Eggs sell at 30@32c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 800 bales at 29@29½c for middling Uplands, and 29@29½c for New Orleans.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $8@9, according to quality. Timothy—Sales of 1500 bus at $5@5,25. Flaxseed is worth $2,65@2,70.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1650 head. The prices realized from 9@9¼ cts ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $45 to 80 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5¾ cts ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $14,50 to 15,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c., ₱ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c ₱ lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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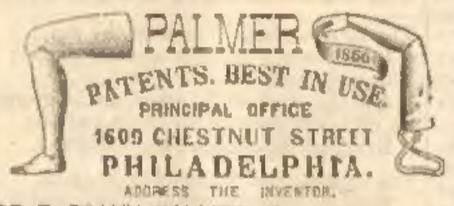

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SCROFULA.

Rev. N. FREEMAN, of Winooski, Vt., states the case of his little daughter cured in thirty days of scrofula in the eye and on the face.
JOHN HOOPER, Sheldon, Vt., had a child three years old cured of scrofulous sores on the neck and head.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Diplomatic Jest.

In later years Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchess de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which it was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the divisions of Europe at the Congress of Vienna were now all concentrated on the odd trick.

The stake were gold pieces; but they often reached the sum of thousands of francs. One evening at the termination of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly dived beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.

"What is your excellency about?" asked Talleyrand.

"Looking for a Napoleon which has fallen."

"Wait an instant," said Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light gray eye, and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lip, "you cannot see to find so small a thing."

As he spoke he twisted a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and, setting fire to it, held it to the ground.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the astonished ambassador, pausing on his hands and knees and looking up.

"Merely lighting your excellency," said Talleyrand.

Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

Fine Sentiment.

On a recent visit to Catskill, an artist was standing on the main highway, back of the village, contemplating a rare sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Our artist stood mute with rapture, cheerfully noticing the changing and intermingling hues. Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and turning to him, exclaimed, with enthusiasm—"What a magnificent picture you have here, my dear sir."

"Where abouts?" was the very indifferent reply of the stranger.

"Look all around—the mountains, the heavens, the setting sun; what picture can surpass such a view?"

This was spoken with a spice of vexation and disappointment at the other's want of sympathy with the scene.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I—"

Our artist then began to feel that he had done injustice to the unimaginative gentleman, and turned towards him, in expectation of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake and beer stand in this location, it wouldn't pay bad, because lots of folks travel along in this neighborhood."

A Lively Illustration.

Mr. "Miles O'Reilly" thus illustrated his views on keeping guard over a refractory woman:—We are avowedly, unalterably, and actively for Woman's Rights, as advocated by Mrs. Stanton's paper, the Revolution. But very often the appearance of the paper reminds us of something said by the Lord Chief Baron of Ireland, in some preliminary stage of a divorce suit which we attended nearly twenty years ago in the Four Courts of Dublin. Counsel for the defence set up a plea, that, even if the facts were as charged, the husband had been culpably negligent, and was entitled to no relief. "Why did he not watch her more closely? Why did he not take better care that no temptation should be thrown in her way?" "On this point," said the young counsel, "I am ready to go to the jury, if your Lordship pleases." Counsel for the plaintiff naturally objected that no such plea could be admitted; and his objection was sustained by the Chief Baron in a brief, technical opinion, which became untechnical towards its close, as follows: "And besides all these legal points, I may remark that the suggestion of the counsel for defence is indicrous—absolutely ludicrous, sir. Sir, a man might as easily and sensibly stand guard over a bushel of live fleas in an open basket, as attempt to guard a woman who desires to do wrong."

Something of a Climate.

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him.

"Healthy climate, I suppose?"

"Healthy! it ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that too without travellin' more than fifteen minutes. Just think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There's a mountain there, the Sary Navady they call it, with a valley on each side of it, one hot and one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jest as you wish!"

"What! have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing."

"Well, what was that?"

"I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—true as you live."

Marble sloped.

What He Thought It Was.

A passenger by a night train on the Hudson River Railroad tells the following: The train was detained at Greenbush for a little while, and, while waiting, a cattle train came on the other track and stopped. Such a noise has seldom been heard; the cattle bellowed, the sheep set up a bleating, and the hogs grunted, until the passengers were nearly crazed. One old fellow had slept for hours, but this noise awoke him. Rubbing his eyes, he listened in amazement. "Good heaven!" says he, "what's this?" Peering into the darkness without discerning anything, and listening more critically, he at last satisfied himself, and set the passengers roaring by the exclamation, "Why, this must be a political convention."

☞ Mr. Short says the only thing he can pay these times is his addresses to the ladies; and these he never allows to get overdue.

A GOOD CUTTING REASON.

ALICE.—"Angela, what *have* I done to offend you? You have avoided me the whole evening."

ANGELA.—"I'm not offended, but your dress perfectly kills mine, and I really can't be seen with you."

Military Orders.

Some ludicrous mistakes are made by those who, without much knowledge of the subject, attempt to give military commands. Some of us remember a newly-appointed cadet-officer, who (it was in the days of Casey), by substituting "by the left flank" for "by file left," marched half his squad over the balusters of the staircase, near "the secretary," the rest headlong down the stairs toward the washroom. In such cases, boys always obey implicitly. There are some other instances still more remarkable on record. A captain in the late war, fresh from civil life, disembarked his company from a steamboat by the following original command: "Gentlemen, select your partners, get into twos, and march endways as you did yesterday!" Nearly as bad was the Kentucky colonel of cavalry, who ordered: "Prepare fur to git onto your critters. Git." The Wool Guards, of Troy, once encountered, on the march through that city, a town-pump. Their captain, desirous of passing the obstacle in the most approved style, shouted out, in a rich brogue: "Wool Guards, sphlit the pump!" He subsequently aligned them as follows: "Advance one pace backward, and driss by the gutther."

Taking the Starch Out.

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered a bank in Boston, and addressing the teller, who is somewhat of a wag, inquired—

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat composedly twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day-time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

A Snake Story.

One morning, recently, some workmen, passing along the San Jose Railroad, some distance out of town, came upon a milk snake about three feet long, which had been killed by a hand-car passing over and crushing his head. They took it up and examined it, being sure that the reptile must have been sick or gorged, before he would have allowed a hand-car to take such a liberty with him. While they were handling it they saw a peculiar something protruding from the mouth, and looking closer, discovered that it was the tail and rattles of a rattlesnake, the major portion of whose body was evidently inside the milk snake. They drew out two or three inches of the rattlesnake, to make sure that he was all there, and then presented their prize to Sneath, who brought it into town and placed it in the new Merchant's Exchange, where it attracted much attention throughout the day.

The milk snake is a harmless reptile, and in consideration of the fact that he has an antipathy to rattlesnakes, perhaps it is not going too far to say that his mission is a beneficent one. He will attack the rattler, and being more nimble than his antagonist, seizes him by the head, and then winds his coils around him, tightening them in a methodical manner, until he has squeezed the life out of his enemy. He then proceeds to inter the corpse in a manner not altogether unknown to certain tribes of the human family, though the latter do not generally proceed upon so grand a scale as their scaly imitators. Having disposed of the rattlesnake, which is about two feet long and has seven rattles, he, of course, was gorged, and subsided into a torpid state, in which condition he would have remained until he had digested his dinner, had not the hand-car deranged the action of his assimilative organs.

A NOONDAY MELODY.

Everything goes to its rest;
The hills are asleep in the noon;
And life is as still in its nest
As the moon when she looks on a moon
In the depths of a calm river's breast
As it steals through a midnight in June.

The streams have forgotten the sea,
In the dream of their musical sound;
The sunlight is thick on the tree,
And the shadows lie warm on the ground—
So still, you may watch them and see
Every breath that awakens around.

The church-yard lies still in the heat,
With its handful of mouldering bone;
As still as the long stalk of wheat
In the shadow that sits by the stone,
As still as the grass at my feet
When I walk in the meadows alone.

The waves are asleep on the main,
And the ships are asleep on the wave;
And the thoughts are as still in my brain
As the echo that sleeps in the cave;
All rest from their labor and pain—
Then why should not I in my grave?

The Man Hunter.

The lion and tiger, the puma and the jaguar, differ as much in their habits as in their appearance or character. Mr. Byam had, I think, an opportunity of seeing the latter seize his prey, and he describes it admirably. In attacking a large bullock, the tiger rested one paw upon the shoulder-blade, while he grasped the muzzle with the other, bending it down to the chest. By this means he not only broke the animal's neck, but filled the jugular vein, which was instantaneously bitten through. I saw a lion kill a dog in a very different manner, both in cages; it was the jugular that was aimed at, and not, as in free lions, the back or side of the head. In this instance, the beast sprang at a dog, rested one paw lightly on the shoulder and drew the other sharply across its neck, severing the arteries in three distinct cuts, which were clean as if made with a razor.

The puma has also a horrible habit of dogging a traveller; if it see a man wandering through the forest, it will follow him for days and weeks, waiting around the village he has entered until it lose all hope of his appearance. This is the native story, and though true in the main point, I cannot believe it altogether. No carniverous animal will wander beyond its own district, as we had occasion to note in the Straits, unless it intends to emigrate. But that a puma will follow a trail as far as its beat extends is true; one constantly notes under the fresh marks of this animal's passage, the half-effaced footprints of a man. Nor do I think this is entirely in hope of prey. A puma must know perfectly well the age of a trail, and his instinct would scarcely lead him to follow one four or five days old. And yet he does so. It is a very curious question. But there is nothing in nature, as I think, so fearful as this stealthy man-tracking of the puma. Fancy, as I can well, the deep, dim forest, with its awful murmurs and still reverberations. Fancy the scared face of the traveller, half conscious of the dread pursuit, yet trying to deceive himself. He turns at length in desperate resolution, following his own trail; and as he turns there is a rustle in the undergrowth, and his last hope is gone in marking a broad round footprint that has effaced his own. Frantically he goes on, machete in hand, at every open space casting a fearful eye behind into that twisted thicket, from which no sound comes, nor any threat, but only a waving of the leaves. His white lips move in an agony of prayer. He glances upward with despairing terror as the tender rays fall more and more obliquely through the tree tops. And ever as he passes the silent wave of leaves goes after him, and through the glades a long red monster slinks and crouches along his trail, with head down pressed, and the great green eyes aflame with eagerness.

Swiftly, mistily night comes down; the maddened traveller walks on and on, falling wounded, half dead with weariness, and slinks at length under some time-henry tree. Then the great eyes flash nearer, and glare hungrily into his face. And if he be awake, they disappear again with a long rustle of the brushwood; but if he be asleep, they burn and blaze over him. And then a sharp sudden cry is heard, a savage growl, a momentary struggle; and then the undergrowth cracks and sways as the beast drags slowly through.—*A Ride Across a Continent, by Frederick Bogle, F. R. G. S.*

STORY OF A LIFE.

Born at night; dressed in white—
Christened early. Slight and fair—
Smooth brown hair, light and curly.

Grew apace—form and face
Full of beauty. Grateful child,
Sweet and mild, loving duty.

Sweet sixteen! Fairy Queen,
Bright and blushing! Hopes and fears,
Idle tears free out-gushing.

Wedding night! dressed in white—
Summers twenty! charming bride—
Far and wide friends are plenty.

Hearts of joy! first-born boy
Hails the dawning! Mother sleeps—
Angel keeps watch till morning.

Stately dame! spotless name—
Best of mothers! children rare,
Brave and fair; like no others.

Threescore and ten! Ah! my pen
Sadly lingers. Wrinkles deep—
Icy creep death's cold fingers.

Burial night! all dressed in white,
Sweet peace be given. Blest is she,
Spirit free—gone to Heaven!

☞ A clerical gentleman, to exemplify the flight of his years, told a friend the other day that he had just seen the first child he baptised, and that she was now a woman grown. "That made you groan too, I suppose," remarked a listener.

AGRICULTURAL.

Something About Good Butter.

It would open the eyes of careless butter makers to step into a commission store to see how much more the *best* qualities of butter bring than the streaky, salvy, milky hodge podge that comes out of the tub of the country merchant, to whom all butter is alike and has the same price. The pots of choice, sweet, clean butter, free from every trace of milk and redolent of country richness, will at any time of the year bring from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than the other, and the market is never glutted with it. To make such butter the cow must have good feed, the dairy vessels (of tin) must be washed with boiling water and thoroughly dried before receiving the milk, cleanly care must be used in milking, the dairy must have fresh, pure air, and the butter must have pure, clean salt (Ashton's is the best) and *thorough* working. It is the old story of a large reward for a little constant, watchful painstaking.

An Ancient Reaper.

Pliny, the Roman Naturalist, who died A. D., 79, thus describes an ancient reaping machine:—"As touching the manner of cutting doune or reaping corne, there be diverse and sundry devises. In Fraunce where the fields be large, they use to set a jade or an asse unto the taile of a mightie great wheelebarrow or carte, made in manner of a van, and the same set with keene and trenchant teeth sticking out on both sides; now is this carte driven forward before the said beast, upon two wheeles, into the standing corne (contrary to the manner of other carts that are drawn after) the said teeth or sharp tines fastened to the sides of the wheelebarrow or carte aforesaid, catch hold of the corne ears and cut them off; yet so as they fall presently into the bodie of the wheelebarrow."

Keeping Vegetables.

Sink a barrel two-thirds of its depth into the ground (a box or cask will answer a better purpose,) heap the earth around the part projecting out of the ground, with a slope on all sides; place the vegetables that you desire to keep in the vessel; cover the top with a water tight cover; and when winter sets in, throw an armful of straw, hay, or something of that sort, on the barrel. If the bottom is out of the cask or barrel, it will be better. Cabbages, celery, and other vegetables, will keep in this way as fresh as when taken from the ground. The celery should stand nearly perpendicular, celery and earth alternating. Freedom from frost, ease of access, and especially freshness, and freedom from rot, are the advantages claimed.—*G. S. G., Journal of Horticulture.*

The Last Milk from the Udder.

Dr. Anderson says he has found by practical analysis, in one instance, that the last cup of milk drawn from the cow's udder contained *sixteen* times as much cream as the first one. This separation of cream from milk takes place in part in the udder of the cow, particularly if the cow is suffered to stand at rest for some time previous to milking. If there are people who doubt that there is a difference in richness of milk first drawn from cows and that of the last drawn, their doubts will be speedily removed by milking a half a dozen cows and setting the first half drawn from each cow separate from the last half.

RECEIPTS.

POTATO DUMPLINGS are made thus: Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions, and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

MARBLE CAKE.—*The White Cake.*—Whites of seven eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, three cups of flour. Bake two hours in a slow oven.

The Dark Cake.—The yelks of seven eggs, one cup of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, spice to taste, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, five cups of flour.

This makes two good-sized cakes by putting in first a spoonful of white and then a spoonful of black, and the next layer alternate.

RICE WAFFLES.—To six spoonsful of soft boiled rice, add two tea-cups of water or milk, and some salt; stir in three tea-cups of ground rice, and bake as other waffles.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 63 letters.

My 27, 2, 41, 2, 7, 3, 2, 26, was one of the Roman Emperors.

My 1, 33, 12, 38, 17, was chosen by God to deliver the Hebrews from that bondage under which they were held by Jabiel.

My 1, 50, 30, 16, 27, 1, 50, 48, was a disciple of Jesus Christ.

My 1, 9, 39, 15, 50, 40, is a Scriptural name which signifies wicked, worthless men.

My 61, 27, 47, 6, 19, 45, was a famous city in the Mountains of Gilead.

My 57, 56, 1, 54, 17, 27, 45, was the wife of Isaac.

My 57, 25, 55, 29, 52, 33, 63, 60, 21, 53, is the name given to a canonical book of the New Testament.

My 47, 50, 58, 23, 59, 11, 26, was appointed one of the twelve Apostles.

My 23, 18, 62, 28, 2, 7, succeeded Felix in the government of Judea, A. D. 60.

My 53, 46, 41, 20, 31, 24, 50, 4, 17, is one of the unclean birds spoken of in the Levitical Constitution.

My 49, 44, 27, 10, 56, 53, is the place of the more immediate residence of the Most High.

My 5, 27, 43, 35, 51, 27, 49, was one of the sons of Cush.

My 32, 42, 31, 34, 35, 31, 9, 62, were the descendants of Heth.

My 37, 9, 14, 8, 13, was the second son of Antipator, the Idumean, born B. C. 17.

My whole was part of the conversation our Saviour had with the woman of Samaria at "Jacob's Well."

D. ST. C. WINELAND.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Enigma.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 25, 30, 4, 6, 32, is a river in Georgia.
My 2, 10, 21, 29, is a river in Mississippi.
My 23, 25, 11, 1, 16, 30, is a river in Ohio.
My 2, 30, 11, 23, 16, 2, 29, 14, 21, 12, 21, 4, 28, is a town in Virginia.
My 25, 29, 21, 5, 9, 27, is a county in Mississippi.
My 7, 17, 21, 31, 2, 26, is an animal.
My 13, 24, 8, 29, 21, 20, is the title of an interesting novel.
My 7, 18, 30, 19, 20, 3, 26, is a near relation.
My whole is a Proverb.

P. B.
Ashland, Ky.

Charade.

My first is wrapt in deepest mystery;
My second's hoped and sorrowed for in vain;
My third had neither birth nor history;
My whole cast on our race the mortal stain.

J. C. O.

Problem.

The square root of one-half of a number in inches is equal to the number in feet. Required—the number in feet.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.
West Milton, Miami Co., O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

I have two gardens, each of which is an exact square. They contain 208 square rods, and it requires 80 rods of fence to enclose both gardens. Required—the contents of each.

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When does a stupid fellow seem beside himself? Ans.—When he is standing by a donkey.

☞ What is the best machinery for prosecuting an inquiry? Ans.—The How-so?-ing Machine.

☞ Where can the most currants be found? Ans.—In the ocean.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Corea. REBUS—California.

SWEET POTATOES A L'ALLEMANDE.—Boil or steam some potatoes very nicely, peel them, and cut them in slices, cut some bread into similarly-sized pieces (without any crust,) butter a tart dish, line it with the bread and potatoes, alternating them regularly. Thicken some scalding hot milk with a sufficiency of potato flour, add sugar and bruised bay or laurel leaves to impart a flavor, put it into the dish and strew some sugar upon the top. Place it in an oven until slightly browned on the surface.

JELLY CAKES.—One cup of sugar, one egg, a little salt, one pound of flour, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda; add warm milk sufficient to make a stiff dough; roll out like thick pie-crust; bake in a quick oven; when done, spread it thick with some good fruit jelly, and strew some powdered sweet almonds over it.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes, four onions, and six green peppers. Strew over them one cup of salt, and let them stand all night. Next day drain off the water from them, and add to them one cup of sugar (or more if liked,) one cup of grated horseradish, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, and one of allspice. Cover with vinegar, and cook till tender.

IMITATION OF PRESERVED GINGER.—Boil, as if for the table, small, tender, white carrots; scrape them until free from all spots, and take out the hearts. Steep them in spring water, changing it every day, until all vegetable flavor has left them. To every pound of carrots so prepared, add one quart of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, two ounces of whole ginger, and the rind of a lemon shred fine. Boil for a quarter of an hour every day, until the carrots clear, and when nearly done, add red pepper to taste. This will be found a good imitation of West Indian preserved ginger.

PLAIN PEACH PUDDING.—Make a nice batter, put whole peaches, after peeling, in a shallow pudding-dish; pour over just enough batter to cover them. Serve with sugar and butter worked together to form a cream.

GREEN FOX-GRAPE JELLY.—Boil in enough water to keep them from burning, and until the skins burst; strain them, and put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and let it boil half an hour.

Ripe grapes made in the same way.